The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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AFTER THE ELECTION

THE REALLY serious debate on political issues will soon begin. As the storm and stress of the campaign dies away, the realities of the national situation will reemerge. As we write, it seems to us that the reelection of President Roosevelt seems most probable, but whether or not this occurs, whether or not the chief executive is Roosevelt or Landon, the nation must brace itself to face and consider those fundamental problems which no party victory in a political campaign can wholly decide. Simply to consider briefly a few of the numerous issues which must be faced when the next Congress meets should be enough to convince all thoughtful Americans that the next few months and years will be far more critical than the hectic period of electioneering. But with the tempest of intemperate oratory out of the way, the still small voice of reason will have a chance to be heard. The capacity of Americans for self-government will have a better opportunity for exercise through the normal democratic process of fair debate than during the frenzy of the campaign, when mere abuse, and reckless demagogy, and the clash of extreme points of view pretty generally prevailed.

In a thoughtful and very valuable study of the chief issues which must be faced by the nation, in *Today,* Raymond Moley quotes "one of the wisest observers of America, Lord Bryce," who long ago said that "there exists a judgment and a sentiment of the whole nation which is imperfectly expressed through its representative legislatures, is not to be measured by an analysis of votes cast at elections, is not easily gathered from the most diligent study of the press, but is nevertheless a real force, impalpable as the wind, yet a force which all are trying to discover and nearly all to obey. . . . 'There is on earth a yet diviner thing, veiled though it be, than Parliament or King.'" This great force working beneath all the exterior forms

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of government is, according to Mr. Moley, public opinion, and, he says, "Public opinion is the sovereign to whom we all pay tribute." Even dictators can be said to recognize the sovereign part of public opinion by seeking to rule over that sovereign, yet in its name. Through the democratic process of widespread, thorough and well-informed discussion of public policies, American public opinion must now turn its attention to hard realities.

For example, there is the vast, terrible mass of unemployed. Nobody knows how many they are, but no reasonable estimate numbers that mass in less than many millions. There are influential men, serious students of the subject, who are convinced that a great proportion of this mass will never again be reemployed by private industry. Other men, who apparently are fully as well equipped by study and experience as the first group mentioned, oppose such a view. Public opinion will, in the long run, predominantly be captured by one school or the other. In either case, profound social changes will be involved. If the first school prevails, a continuance of public works, and relief expenditures, direct and indirect, on a vast scale, and permanently established, will transform the social system. If the second school has its way, this nation will prove to the rest of the world that private industry, released from all governmental interference or supervision, except the time-honored maintenance of the established system of law and order, is superior to all contrary, or divergent, systems set up by other nations. The success of such a policy would, in time, compel other nations to abandon their mistaken experiments and follow the American pattern. No less an ideal than this seems to be the animating principle of those to whom liberalistic private enterprise appears to be, solely and exclusively, "the American way of life." There is a religious fervor in such a faith that is similar to the zeal that animates the Communist, or the Fascist, or the Nazi systems abroad, or the hosts of those in America who disavow the creed of unshackled, uncontrolled private enterprise, and also disavow the Communist or the Fascist creeds, and who believe that the true path for America is a middle way between all such extremes.

Our point, we think, remains valid—this tremendous struggle between opposing conceptions of how to deal with unemployment will shortly become not a mere matter of campaign promises and generalities, but a practical reality of the most serious kind. So will the labor problem, inseparably connected with the unemployment dilemma, and also presenting angles of its own which affect the vital structure of our society. Shall labor continue—will it continue—the course set in this campaign, of direct political action? Shall government meet it half way, or retreat to its former position of passive supervision, in a strictly limited field, of the relations between labor and capital? And upon the heels of this question, not merely not settled by the present campaign, but rather made more pressing, rush a host of others: The tremendous issues connected with the Supreme Court—issues sidetracked during the campaign, but not to be avoided now. And the issues connected with the tariff, upon which swing the world-wide problems of economic nationalism versus free-trade and foreign lending, and these again tied up with the problems of war or peace.

In short, without even completely listing, still less discussing, the problems of the after-election period, enough has been said to prove how grave is the crisis which the nation must face. In the forum of public opinion where the debate will continue, over which, as Cardinal Pacelli reminded the faculty and students of the Catholic University the other day, there still presided "that spirit of sane liberty and civic equality which has been one of the glories of this country," we hope and believe that there will be more and more representation of the views which American Catholics hold upon the great points at issue. Differently as they think upon the vexed questions presented, they agree, certainly, that if "there is on earth a yet diviner thing, veiled though it be, than Parliament or King"—or President, or Congress—that thing is superior even to public opinion, for it is nothing less or other than God's revealed laws of justice and love, transmitted through God's Church. To bring those revelations to the instruction of their fellow men is their duty, not only as Christians, but as citizens.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

AS WE write, the closing days of a hard-fought and very puzzling campaign are seeing new and no doubt scarcely fruitful efforts to sway voters. Looking back upon what has been accomplished, one agrees with the Western observer who said that an ounce of organization is worth a ton of propaganda. The "new voters" and the special groups who now (e. g., Negroes in hitherto white states) can determine the outcome in several doubtful cases have doubtless been allied for months with party machines and points of view. Perhaps something else may have been possible. If the President had been willing to commit himself on a program for the next four years; if he had spoken less in defense of what has been accomplished than of what remains to be done; if there had been some clear indication that the purely political maneuvering incident to the campaign foreshadowed the

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aims of his second term—then it might have been necesary for the Republicans, too, to chart very frankly the course of action they would be ready to follow. Under the circumstances, the orators managed at best to review the story of the past. Now about the past relatively few voters think they need much enlightenment. They judge it, often frivolously, by how it has affected their own activities and lives. Mr. Roosevelt's defense has been that the net result of the policies sponsored has been increased prosperity and a greater readiness to face economic or social difficulties hopefully. His opponents have emphasized whatever was haphazard or unsuccessful in the administration's experimenting. All this is good as far as it goes. But, in view of the fact that it calls up necessarily a comparison between the Roosevelt and Hoover governments, it leaves most people less persuaded of services actually rendered than of the difficulties and limitations which beset government under any conditions.

Belgium Pauses to Reflect

WHEN on October 24 the Belgian government jailed Leon Degrelle and forbade his followers, the so-called Rexists, to march, attention was drawn to another striking incident in Europe's contemporary political revolution. Almost a year has gone by since this organization of Catholics dissatisfied with the traditional Catholic party and hostile above all to the Socialists first began to attract attention. There seems to be no doubt that Degrelle can orate with passion and face difficulties with equanimity. His program rests primarily upon vocal dissatisfaction with "high finance," the League of Nations, and the spirit of compromise. Once again the encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," is interpreted as a kind of charter of militant nationalism. Degrelle would be a dictator, and it is obvious that hundreds of thousands stand willing to accept him on his own terms. But unlike almost all other aspirants to unlimited authority in Europe, he is a sincere Catholic in a country where the Church has long since been identified with a desire to foster parliamentary institutions. His campaign had profited a good deal by the weaknesses and moral defections of a few veteran Catholic statesmen. But of course Degrelle would have got nowhere with all this, had it not been current Belgian discontent with the solutions found for a number of important economic and social questions.

GRADUALLY the Flemish citizenry of King Leopold's country have demonstrated their ability and power. The recent declaration of national neutrality was largely a concession to them rather than a deliberate effort to reshape foreign policy. Almost simultaneously the Catholic party, faced with the probability of a schism, had to decide to establish separate Flemish and Walloon groups inside a coordinated framework. It remains to be seen whether the plan will work, but most observers (notably the Paris *Temps*) are optimistic. In addition there had to be taken up in earnest the task—very new in Belgium—of defending democratic government. There has been some increase in the number of Communists, but the peril from that quarter is negligible, especially since the task of building up organizations of youthful workers has been taken up successfully by Catholics and others. The real danger is undoubtedly Rexism. No one is able to say as yet what Degrelle's relations with foreign Right dictatorships are. He has been accused of being allied with Hitler, but there is hardly any evidence to support this view. Somewhat more credible are reports that he has come to an understanding with Colonel La Rocque, leader of the French Fascists. The economic doctrines of Rexism signify, primarily, that devaluation is not an automatic cure for revolutionary discontent, as some have been quite willing to believe. For this remedy was long since applied in Belgium. We are more convinced than ever that the real source of trouble lies elsewhere. The moral convictions of the great masses were so grossly spurned during the war and its aftermath that slumbering emotion waits like tinder for the demagogue who can ignite it.

One Factor in Spain

WE HAVE before this stressed the fact that one very important element in the Spanish struggle tends constantly to be overlooked by disinterested outside opinion. It is perhaps natural for anyone not identified with the Catholic position to disallow as "Fascist propaganda" the stories of outrages upon religion, to believe the discredited tales of churches being used as ammunition depots or even to endorse the opinion of a recent letter-writer to the public press that the murder of nuns and priests is no worse than the murder of peasants. It is natural, but it is not wise. We recommend earnestly to all such sincere outsiders that they try to apply the widely current principle of "understanding the other fellow" to the effort to understand the attitude of a believing Catholic in these matters. It is simply not true that the killing of religious is the same as the other killings unhappily inseparable from a state of warfare in any country. Whether or not it is "worse," it is different, with a difference instantly perceived by the believer—and by anyone else of fair mind who considers the matter, we think. Similarly, it is not true that the deliberate shooting down of the statue of the Sacred Heart was the same as the demolition of any other material thing interfer-

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ing with a simple military objective. To kill an enemy in armed warfare is the object, by definition, of armed warfare; to kill non-combatant religious is to war on the idea they stand for. To shatter the statue of the Sacred Heart is so completely useless an act that it is not explicable on a material basis at all. Similarly with the pollution and wreckage of Spanish churches by certain elements associated with the Loyalist government. There have been many instances unmistakably authenticated. The latest is recorded in the New York *Times* below the signature of a well-known correspondent, Mr. James Abbe. These things affect a Catholic as any action of deliberate and deformed hatred affects a normal mind. Undoubtedly they explain in part the present alignment in Spain. They stand, as one indisputable factor, on one side. Mr. Browder's disavowal of Communist enmity to religion, so properly challenged by Monsignor Sheen, cannot wipe them away. And it is the duty of those men of good-will who are trying to understand the tragic and tangled situation to try to understand them.

The Safety Play Yard City

FLINT, Michigan, has taken for itself an apparently modest slogan, "The Safety Play Yard City," but the slogan reflects a proud achievement. For two years in this automobile manufacturing capital no child has been killed on the streets while at play. In two years juvenile delinquency has been reduced 70 percent. Citizens of the city put to work the space which in Flint, as in nearly all American cities, was waste space. They established backyard and vacant lot playgrounds under trained supervisors and kept utilizing school property during the long periods when there were no classes. Publicity was organized, parents became vigilantes to see that their children kept away from the pavements, and private industries and service agencies contributed play equipment. The report on the recreational program says its success "simply requires community cooperation and the foresight to take advantage of the facilities that have been available for many years past, but which have been neglected." Once again is emphasized the fact that when people actually exert themselves at the grass roots, or city curbs, the world is appreciably pleasanter, and that even before the revolution or change in tax rate. Social security and social betterment are radically needed, and the prime means of getting them, unromantic as it may seem, is by social action. Government and institution reform or revolution ought to follow directly from this sort of personal pressure, and not the other way around. If the Flinters had waited for a perfect government to set up a department of youth recreation, there would now be fewer children in the city and many more in jail.

On Styles in Argument

YEARS ago a country orator announced that he didn't know what the cooperative movement was but it "sounded bad." We of the Catholic persuasion continue to hear the same argument applied to ourselves by persons and journals seemingly representative of an urban culture. Or do we? It may be that a magazine which permits some youthful ignoramus to discourse on how the Pope thinks he will conquer America, or similar topics, fancies that, having twisted the lion's tail, some publicity value will appear in the resulting roar. This is a great and immature blunder. The Church in the United States is a lion, of course. But it is by this time an experienced one, whom no high-school boy can seriously disturb. There may be some value in another consideration. If we published an article which accused the Jewish intelligentsia of plotting ritual murders, or insisted that Roger Babson had volunteered to help the Congregational Church because of a secret desire to reestablish New England theocracy, we should quite rightly be suspected of having lost our minds. But in all truth Catholics would prefer being suspected of crimes such as these to having laid at their doorstep minor bits of gossip collected by amateurish and slow-witted reporters. Each of us has been guilty of a lot of nonsense in his time, but that we may be spared from temptation to emulate a certain kind of current magazine writer is automatically a subject of daily prayer We hope that in addition to fire, flood and famine, this plague may fail to reach us—the plague of writing about Protestants as if they were uniformly gullible and about heathens as if they all had literary agents.

Campaign Circus

ALL CAMPAIGNS are queer, but this is one of the queerest. The two chief candidates are urbane and sportsmanlike gentlemen, who set the country an example of easy good manners, both in their widely publicized recent meeting, and in their characteristic utterances about each other. But the country, as the English would say, isn't having any. Everywhere there is present a spirit of restlessness and contention—not at all, we think, like the dread harbinger of final revolution, but rather like the high jinks of a public, a very public, holiday. The large feminine element in the campaign has injected more stimulus than dignified quiet. The very hoardings contribute a note of such irresponsible overstatement that even an enemy enjoys it. Nature herself seems to have taken a hand, for when the sunflowers were uprooted in Washington, a more northerly Democratic hen, as if to redress the balance, produced an egg bearing that Republican symbol. We, for one, are willing to call it a day.

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OUR REVELS NOW ARE ENDED

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

PRESIDENTIAL campaigns are all of a piece, and there are only two respects in which the one just ended differed from the stripe. First, it rested on the shoulders of only two men, Roosevelt and Landon, who gave it its direction and kept directing it. Second, it was a campaign of unpredictable cross-currents instead of straight lines, and made the best work of the most seasoned political analysts mere guess work, or at best resolved them into probabilities of which they were none too sure. This applies as much to the analysts in the highest political strategy boards as it does to that special class, the writers of analyses for publication.

It was repeatedly said, by both these classes, that this was an unusually bitter campaign or that it was an unusually wild and foolish campaign. It was neither. That is always said of every campaign, for memories are short. Quadrennially judgment does flee to brutish beasts and men do lose their reason, as Plutarch and Shakespeare make Mark Antony say. I have been an active participant in every campaign in this century, from 1900 on, and therefore have some standard of comparison; besides having been a critical student of campaigns in the nineteenth century before I was ever called upon to take any active part.

The Roosevelt and Landon steering of the campaign certainly was unusual. What any national chairman or even any national committee did was of no consequence; there was no Mark Hanna at the helm, though Farley and Hamilton bore the Hanna official title. For once, the spellbinders became little more than radio entertainers competing with Major Bowes. It must be understood that this is only a general statement, meaning that the result was not greatly affected by them. Some speeches, notably those of Al Smith, did have effect on votes, but even in Smith's case it was not so much what he said as the fact that he was saying it. The newspaper editorials have never been so uninfluential in any campaign, and this cannot be laid to their thick-and-thin partizanship, for as a rule they were more temperate and fair than usual. Concerning their lack of influence, a certain amount of exception must here be made for those in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and probably those in the Lynchburg *News*. The more metropolitan papers might as well have had no editorials, so far as affecting the vote goes. I say "more" because St. Louis is a metropolitan city.

The campaign drove whichever way Roosevelt and Landon, between them, directed it, and the rest, from national chairmen down, were for all practical purpose on the grand stand cheering or hissing the plays. The debate between Roosevelt and Landon took, in time, the form of trying to outbid each other for the votes of pressure groups. This was certainly not statesmanlike and nothing for future historians to cite with pride. With both of them, as the campaign reddened, desperation even brought a note of insincerity. Landon's trip to California, for instance, was to clinch the votes of the Townsendites, a majority of whom were disposed to favor him there, and yet no man in his senses believes that Landon as President would do anything for that bankruptcy-compelling scheme or that the maddest of Congresses would let him do it if he wanted to. The same is true of Roosevelt's belated attempt in Chicago to wheedle the business world. Yet, outside the maniacal closing weeks of a campaign, Landon and Roosevelt have not even a speck of insincerity or demagogy about them.

Furthermore, this is a new note. Not even closing weeks ever drove Bryan or Blaine or Theodore Roosevelt to unmeant wheedling. Throwing the campaign on the shoulders of the two candidates has never happened before and is not, in its results, a thing for Americans to take pleasure in. Let us hope that in 1940 and thereafter there will be more of the old division of command; Hanna, to take again the outstanding example for a lieutenant, left nothing in the strategic moves for McKinley to apologize for after his two elections.

Now for the confusing cross-currents that staggered both prediction and tactics. They were too many to catalogue. The Lemke campaign, originally confusing in itself, added confusion worse confounded by becoming cross-currented. It was at first a combination of Coughlinites, Townsendites and Hueyites. Townsend, finding that his California followers were disposed to plump for Landon, plumped too. The Hueyite strength was cross-currented in many directions, nearly all anti-Roosevelt, but the extent of the cross-currenting is best illustrated by Huey's titular successor, Gerald Smith, finding himself outside the breastworks. The Coughlinites strength became definitely anti-Roosevelt in most places, thereby inuring to Landon's benefit, but not always for the reasons the radio priest gave his followers. His break with Roosevelt was primarily over the latter's monetary policies, but many Coughlinites were unaffected by that and were distrustful of Roosevelt himself. So far as voting was concerned, however, it amounted to the same thing.

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The Negro cross-current became of immense significance, because of the number of doubtful states where a Negro secession from the Republican party might prove the decisive factor. Consequently the New Deal wooing of the Negro vote became more than coquetry or blandishment; it amounted, at last, to a dead set. This was sure to offend the South, but the Democratic calculation was that the South would have to vote Democratic anyway. The effects of Southern resentment after election, especially in Congress, were not forgotten, but that was a stream to be crossed when it was come to. Sufficient unto the day was the gain thereof.

The WPA cross-current was probably the biggest in the campaign. The resolute refusal to allow any investigation of the way in which relief funds were being used politically was bound to have a repercussion, but again it was a repercussion to be staved off until the votes were counted. There were, in this, more cross-currents than merely the matter of funds. WPA workers might lose their jobs if they voted Republican, and this fear was remorselessly and unstintedly utilized. A strange thing about this was that in states like New York the threat was empty, for the reason that it could not be carried out. Once the voter was in the booth no human being could find out what lever he pulled. For that matter, the secret ballot even without voting machines was generally a sure protection. But it is an actual fact most voters never thought of that and were terrorized by hinted or outspoken threats that could not possibly be carried into execution.

The unprecedented registration was a cross-current that confounded all the experts, whether politicians or writers. Ordinarily a heavy registration means a great revolt against the party in power. The well-satisfied man may be too lazy to vote, but the indignant man never is. But this year it did not necessarily mean any such thing, and both parties knew it. Republicans recognized as thoroughly as Democrats did that a great many people believe the New Deal is the herald of their pecuniary salvation. The only difference is that the Republicans think the people will wake up when they learn that they themselves will have to pay the bill, whereas the New Dealers think the new gospel really is spending to save. Other Democrats, not New Dealers, don't believe any such thing, but they seem to be chiefly in the South, and the South, according to New Deal calculations, was hamstrung, since it couldn't vote Republican and wouldn't vote Coughlinite — or Lemkeite. The total is that the tremendous registration, instead of clarifying foresight as usual, only added another element of confusion.

The local cross-currents might, any one of them, swing a close election or even an election less than a landslide. Recognizing this, Roosevelt went out of his way to indorse George Norris's lone-hand campaign for the Senate in Nebraska. He also combined the Democratic and Farmer-Labor tickets in Minnesota, for the veriest child must be aware that no such step as the withdrawal of the Democratic state's candidates there in favor of the Farmer-Labor candidates would have been taken without the—well, call it consent, of the one man who has been dictating the form of the Democratic national campaign. Nobody lent a hand to anybody in Idaho, for Borah indorsed nobody but himself. In this he differs from Norris, who hitherto has always run as a Republican but was this year running independently and supporting Roosevelt. Roosevelt's endorsement of Norris's candidacy was a smash for the Democratic candidate who ran against him, but of course a well-considered smash and for what was calculated to be a greater gain.

In Wisconsin the La Follette machine, also playing a lone hand, was for Roosevelt. The Socialists, strong there, were reported to be lending Roosevelt an invisible helping hand, but Hoan, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, took the trouble to deny it in the East, and nobody can ever doubt Hoan's word about anything. Meanwhile, to increase the cross-currents, the latest new party, the Labor party, supported Roosevelt. This will not sound impressive to those who do not know what the Labor party is. It is that very powerful wing of the Socialist party which bolted the nomination of Norman Thomas and started what is intended to be the successor of a dead-and-gone Socialist party. How strong it is will not be known until the official count of the returns, but it is obviously not to be sneezed at.

Now as to the general result of the campaign, it has restored the Republican party to its former position, that of a major party coherent in form and harmonious in intent and purpose. The Democratic party, on the other hand, is facing an ominous future. It, like the Whig party in the 1840's and early 1850's, is composed of elements not merely uncongenial but hostile, hating each other more than the common enemy; or, to be accurate, hating only each other and having nothing against the common enemy except a natural preference that the latter should not hold the offices if it can be avoided. The Democratic party has been split before, but not since 1860 has there been a split in it comparable with this. It is not manifest so much in spectacular facts, like the two last Democratic presidential candidates on the stump for Landon, as in the waiting butchers behind the scenes, axe in hand and only suspending the cutting-up until the form of election is over and Congress meets. The South is to be heard from. The welding of shattered Republicanism, begun at the Cleveland convention, was completed by the course of the campaign.

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DANIEL CORKERY

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

THE CHRONOLOGY of Daniel Corkery's works is in itself an indication of the movement of his mind, and because he is representative of a tendency not uncommon in Ireland—among the general public—an indication of a great deal in modern Irish life and criticism.

His first works were plays. When, later, the nationalist revival began to capture these young men's imaginations, as if in a desire for a closer analysis of Irish life than the drama seemed to afford, Corkery turned to the writing of a novel and a volume of short stories. The stories, ineptly called "A Munster Twilight" after Yeats's "A Celtic Twilight," appeared first; the novel was published the year after. These stories have little about them that is likely to suggest the delicacy and fantasy of Yeats's lovely verse: they are cast in a different key and came out of a more direct approach to life. Here and there, indeed, we get stories that could with a little more shaping be called pure city-folklore.

This is an entirely original note in Anglo-Irish literature for though a novel like James Stephens's "Mary Mary" may antedate "A Munster Twilight," there is a self-conscious fantastical note of the more practised literary man in Stephens's little masterpiece of frolic, and the compact, intimate, "folksy" quality of life that is revealed, as typical of Cork city, in Corkery's stories could not, in fact, have been evoked in a metropolis. Not that Corkery has not his own whimsical humor—it is the charm of his personality—but it is not whimsy because it is the laughter of a kindly delight in reality, and no doubt nothing would so please its author as to be told that in the grotesquerie of these little yarns there is a distinct echo of the medieval note in literature.

The novel, delicate, brooding, sensitive, tragic, not without a grotesque note—as in the character of Stevie Galvin—fulfilled absolutely the promise of the stories. It is, without question, a lovely novel, and for many even a perfect novel. It is somewhat gloomy but there is a balsam to soothe as one reads, a tenderness, almost too-sweet, for the girl Lily Bresnan and her young brother Finbarr, both secretly contemplating the renunciation of life in religion when, in despair, the other brother Frank has abandoned an unequal struggle by suicide. Here is a typical passage:

> Bright grass, homely flowers—phlox, marigolds, gladioli—trembling poplar leaves, dancing shadows—Lily Bresnan's nook on the hillside was an autumn lyric, mellow and glad, a sweet music that needed no heightening, no enriching, while that gentle girl, earnestly bent upon her task, lingered in the sun. She put the thread between her teeth and broke it. With a little clatter the scissors fell to the dappled ground. There it remained. A robin, quite suddenly, winged across her, and was lost in the sun-flushed foliage. Stitch, stitch, without hurry. The garment was held up and examined. She stooped and her fingers, but not her eyes, searched for the fallen scissors. Far away in the crowded valley a convent bell was ringing for evening Benediction. Then, again suddenly, the robin flung out a little phrase of melody. It ceased, but the far-off bell continued, very sweet, very faint. The scissors once again fell to the ground. There it remained.

There is no need to comment: the words convey the lyrical quality of the mind that so pictured life—mellow, flushed foliage, lingered, dappled, gentle, homely, sweet, very faint. If one had any criticism to make it would be that life so gently imaged, and in a plot of such humble and effortless evasion, could offer few themes, little action, little drama, and must end by reducing almost to inarticulateness so quietly lyrical an observer.

The influence of Corkery's novel was neither strong nor pervasive. It was, for one thing, what one may call a middle-aged novel: for another, and mainly, it was not followed by a second novel. But it was an event for some of us. Unhappily the very perfection, and the controlled "middle-aged" quality of Corkery's novel, and above all, its limited scope, prevented its possible effect. Young men are rebellious—and it was the time of rebellions—and they are ambitious. In a phrase of O'Flaherty's, in a letter to me, we wanted to "bite off mountains with our teeth." There was not enough fire in this book to light any torch.

Corkery's later stories have had even less influence, largely because the realistic novel and the realistic story were in the making. Against that convention Corkery could have easily smiled had he chosen to continue with his gentle and faultless lyricism, or with his homely, folksy, whimsical, grotesque humor. Alas, he chose to write after "The Threshold of Quiet" about the farmer- and fisher-folk, in a mood and in a manner and with a preconceived approach that tended to falsify all he wrote, and for the understanding of which—and it is an approach that has found innumerable disciples, and has affected Irish emotions widely—we must turn to his two works of criticism.

The book on "Synge" contains the application to Anglo-Irish letters of the historical attitude outlined in "The Hidden Ireland." The Introduction sums it all up, and is a marvellous piece

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of special pleading. In sum (according to this point of view) Anglo-Irish literature, since 1900 in particular, is "astray" as an interpretation of Irish life, gives "no adequate expression" to the forces "that work their will in the consciousness of the Irish people," and—a typically suggestive but unprecise sentence—its practitioners did not use such intellectual equipment as they possessed, sometimes admirable in itself, for the high purposes of art—the shaping out into chaste and enduring form of a genuine emotional content, personable to themselves but conscionable to the nation. In brief, Anglo-Irish literature is not an adequate interpretation of Irish life.

To illustrate this, Corkery takes a hurling-match at Thurles, a crowd of thirty thousand, and says:

> It was while I looked around at that great crowd I first became acutely conscious that as a nation we were without self-expression in literary form. The life of this people I looked upon—there were all sorts of individuals present, from bishops to tramps off the road—was not being explored in a natural way by any except one or two writers of any standing. . . . One could not see Yeats, A.E., Stephens, Dunsany, Moore, Robinson, standing out from that gathering as natural and indigenous interpreters of it. On the other hand there seems to be no difficulty in posing Galsworthy, Masefield, Bennett, Wells, against corresponding assemblies in England. . . . Those English crowds are 100-percent English: and the writers who best express the individual souls that make them up are 100-percent English. . . . The writers in a normal country are one with what they write of.

To those who have accepted Anglo-Irish literature as literature this will sound painful. To those who approach it as the expression of a high-hearted nationalism it will be (and was) a trumpet call. With a little alteration it would equally well trumpet encouragement to all Nazis, Fascists, Communists and every other type of exclusivist for whom the essential test of literature is a political, racial or religious test.

One may pass over the disingenuousness of Corkery's choice of lyric writers from the Irish group (Yeats, Dunsany, Stephens, A.E.) instead of O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Casey and such like as possible interpreters of the "mob," and of naturalistic writers from the English group. But one does not so easily forgive his suggestion that "the writers who best express the individual souls of England" are Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy. Not because they may not but because one knows well that Corkery sincerely thinks these writers very small beer: one knows that his spiritual affinities are writers like Musset and Turgenev, the feminine lyrists; that, if anything, his own romantic image of life is far nearer to that of Yeats and Stephens than to Bennett and Wells: that he is being disloyal to himself as an artist in trying to make his theory fit. And that is unforgivable.

The fact is that "The Old Wives Tale," or "The Country House" or "The New Machiavelli" do not interpret an English cup-final crowd at Wembley. To ask art to do things like that is to socialize it: and that, the nationalization of art, is what Mr. Corkery's nationalism amounts to.

That is the core of the weakness of this approach. It is not a critic's approach. It is a politician's, and clearly one cannot find any common ground for discussion under such conditions unless one agrees on the political premises. So, that the emotional content of, let us say, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is genuine, Corkery will not admit. He says Joyce is "astray." He suggests of Stephens that his idyllic picture is "watery gruel." He has a good word, but not complete approval, for T. C. Murray and Padraic Colum, but for nobody else. That O'Casey is "conscionable" to the nation he does not admit, because O'Casey satirizes nationalism! But, one leaves the position in disgust—it is an impossible attitude which cannot allow a man to satirize what he honestly thinks deserving of satire. It is a position which leads Corkery into more than one baseness, more than one disloyalty.

Anyone who might turn from the silvery, twilit, Musset-note of "The Threshold of Quiet" to the stories in "The Stormy Hills" might wonder if it were the same writer. Here all but one of the tales are in the country: all of these in the wilder, more outlying country, often Gaelic-speaking. Strange, rough words we now hear, in place of those other words we noted in the novel: words like splintery, lumpish, awkward, scraggy, harsh, gigantic. Always the hero is very tall, big, broad, glum—almost, indeed, the type of the strong silent Englishman, a feminine idea of masculinity. "He stood there, a solid piece of humankind, huge, big-faced, with small round eyes, shrewd-looking, not unhumorous." "The two women looked at himself, alert yet lumpish before them, noted his body's girth and depth, and felt that 'trunk' was indeed the right word to use of such bodies." "Murty, on the other hand, was a monumental junk of humanity, huge and stanch, lavish in flesh, resounding in laughter." This gigantism, as if in rebellion against the more moderated, often lyrical quality of the Anglo-Irish literature he dislikes—forgetting that it is also the note of his own best work—can only be explained as an effort to come closer to the soil and the life of the soil. But that it is a convention just as much "astray" as the convention of the poetry he has put in the dock. Seeking after strength is a confession of weakness when the search produces a conventional idealization that only impresses one with a sense of somebody blowing up a balloon.

The themes are not always informative but some are. They now seek after powerful drama and wild action and a setting of storm and harsh

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landscape—a further convention of this romantic idea of strength. But, what is significant, they seek, too, the historical Irish peasant fated to resurgence. The author has in mind to write stories that will be "conscionable to the nation"—if that means, as it appears to mean, acceptable to the self-proud race-memory. He will write regionalist stories whose values are the values of the locale in which they are set. Unsure of himself as an artist *sans phrase* he will be at least sure of himself as an Irishman. Unhappily the self-consciousness of this approach, the deliberateness of it, has vitiated the spontaneity of the artist. The emotion may be "conscionable to the nation"—or may not, who knows that?—but it does not strike one as being in the least "genuine": it is pumped up.

The progression, rather the decline, from tender and whimsical humor, and the gentle lyricism, of the earlier work is evident. It is a sad example of a fine talent thwarted by theorizing. Not that these stories have not some merit. In "The Stormy Hills" there is one story, "The Emptied Sack," that is as perfect and lovely as anything Turgenev ever wrote. There is lovely feeling in all of them, such as "The Lartys." The descriptions, when free of mannerisms, are often masterly.

All this deliberate preoccupation with the historically seen peasant arises from the conception of Irish history outlined in "The Hidden Ireland." This is a book which needed to be written. But it should have been written by a historian; and as it stands—with no historian willing to engage his energies in challenging and disproving so many elaborate generalizations—it has had and will continue to have a profound effect on modern Irish (uncritical) thought. I give one or two quotations which will indicate the way the author has handled whole periods of history:

> Whatever of the Rennaissance came to Ireland met a culture, so ancient, so widely based, and well articulated that it was received only on sufferance [page 153].

There is only one word for this—rubbish.

> The poet scarcely took even poetic license with the facts, as is the manner of Irish poets. He invented nothing; he hardly even heightened the tints. . . . [page 42].

Of this one may say that if one does not laugh outright at it one might weep at such a perfervid gullibility.

> [Speaking of the eighteenth century] The language was a gateway to a complete and unique civilization [page 49].

Possibly unique: but complete?

These few excerpts, possibly too remote in interest for many readers, will suggest the kind of picture the romantic novelist has made, for himself, of the immediate ancestors of the historical (?) peasant of his own stories. They are the descendants of greatness, and of a cultivated greatness. There every Irish writer parts company with Mr. Corkery.

We do not see the Irish farmer in this lambent light of reflected greatness. We know his immediate history—we can follow it back to Parnell, to the Land League, to O'Connell, his first popular leader (who, incidentally threw Gaelic overboard). We can follow his rise back to the hedge schools, where he was eager only to learn English and mathematics (to be able to keep accounts and measure his land), and Latin where the son of the house aimed to be a priest. But where we have tried to puzzle out what really happened behind the darkness of the penal days we have—many of us—formed, in fact, the belief that the modern Ireland is a new and indigenous growth that began when the Irish folk (in disgust with this non-popular, aristocratic, effete, world, whose last dregs of culture lasted on into the nineteenth century for Mr. Corkery to slobber over as if it were the people's love instead of being the people's indifference) threw it all aside to build up, for themselves, and for the first time, a world of their own in the hovels to which that ancient curse, the Celtic state, had by its inefficiency reduced them.

To us the Irish fishermen and the Irish farmer and the Irish townsman is the result of about 150 years struggle. And that, for history, is long enough for us. To us, Ireland is beginning, where to Corkery it is continuing. We have a sense of time, of background; we know the value of the Gaelic tongue to extend our vision of Irish life, to deepen it and enrich it; we know that an old cromlech in a field can dilate our imaginations with a sense of what was, what might have been, and what is not; but we cannot see the man plowing against the sky in an aura of antiquity!

So, outside of Corkery's short stories, and one or two plays, you will get nowhere else in the literature of Anglo-Ireland, for short call it Ireland, this grandiose note of the romantic peasant. He does, I think, influence our political evangels considerably: all that is behind our system of education in the modern Ireland, much that enthuses and supports all our more fervent politics, has come out of his books and his lecturings. But as far as literature is concerned, because he has not spoken to it in the only language it understands, the language of literature and literary values, he has no influence except the influence he rightly exercised at the beginning with his pleasant book of tales "A Munster Twilight," and his delicate novel that he has, so greatly to our loss, not wished to repeat. And for that limitation of such an influence we may be thankful to the loyal insistence of such as Yeats and Moore and Stephens on "the high purposes of art."

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THE SLIDE RULE AND THE SOUL

By CLEMENT J. FREUND

What exactly is an engineer? Few of us really know. Some have even roundly held him responsible for kinds of social distress which appear to be more than a by-product of technological advancement. Mr. Freund, speaking for the profession, devotes his paper to a diagnosis of the abilities and the shortcomings of the modern engineer. He notes with pleasure that recent educational inquiries have stressed certain cultural shortcomings. Engineers may, he feels, "encounter the soul of man."—The Editors.

THE MARVELOUS engineering work has been completed. They have erected a platform and loaded it with flowers and microphones. The beautiful daughter of some personage gingerly turns the big, stainless steel wheel and for the first time power surges through the work. The crowd applauds politely and the newsreel men crank their cameras. The president of the corporation is there with a gardenia in his buttonhole; the head politician is there, and all the little politicians, and the chairmen of all the committees and commissions.

But the engineer who planned and designed the whole project, and then built it—he is not there. Nobody knows where he is. He may be out in the crowd, or perhaps in a slimy hole a hundred feet under the group, watching a pump which is performing suspiciously, but he's not up on the platform. Engineers are not spectacular, in spite of an occasional Steinmetz or Kettering.

But the works of the engineer are spectacular. The Queen Mary, steaming into New York harbor, the huge San Francisco-Oakland bridge, a big transport plane, roaring through the clouds at 200 miles per hour, all these have dramatic appeal. The engineer and his devices have given us a new mode of life. We pick up the engineer's telephone and speak to a friend 700 miles away. We sit down behind the engineer's gasoline engine and travel farther in an hour than our forefathers could in a day. A hundred years ago the farmer sweated over his hoe and produced enough to sustain four persons; today he rides the machine the engineer has given him and produces food for eleven persons. A hundred years ago the smith heated and reheated his iron, and hammered it and hammered it again, and finally completed a hasp for a door; today one stroke of the engineer's machine knocks out a hasp which is just as good and much better looking.

And because the engineer has made life more secure, more comfortable and more convenient, "society has suddenly become engineer-conscious. It had pictured him as an occasional builder of roads, canals, bridges and fortifications—a silent and independent man who came, surveyed, planned, built and went his way; now it awakens to find him the controlling force in the whole scheme of economic production." So writes President Wickenden of Case. But I wonder if he does not mean "engineering-conscious" rather than "engineer-conscious." For I should be surprised if even he could name the chief engineer of the Boulder Dam project.

Everybody has seen physicians at work, and lawyers and clergymen, but not one in a thousand has ever seen an engineer at work, or knows what an engineer does when he works, or even knows what an engineer really is. Just what is an engineer? He is clearly one who practises engineering. But what is engineering? There are many definitions, but in 1928 the American Engineering Council officially proclaimed that "engineering is the science of controlling the forces and of utilizing the materials of nature for the benefit of man, and the art of organizing the human activities in connection therewith."

The engineer is one who knows mathematics, chemistry and physics, and applies his knowledge to provide abundant creature comforts, and incredible facilities for communication and transportation. He thinks, plans and directs. In his office he gradually evolves the design for a central power station or a new steel mill. When he has finished the design he superintends the building of the station or mill, and sometimes operates it thereafter. The work of the engineer is inherently quantitative. He has to do with specific lengths and pressures and volumes. Everybody knows that a roof must be supported but only the engineer knows that it can be supported by four six-inch H section steel columns. The statesman may wish to bridge a river but only the engineer can determine that the bridge shall be seventy-two feet wide, fifty feet above high water, and that it will cost $486,000. A manufacturer may propose to build a six-cylinder automobile but it is the engineer who tells him that the cylinders shall be three inches in diameter, and that the stroke of the pistons in those cylinders shall be three and one-quarter inches.

Until recent years engineers have energetically designed and built machines and structures without reflecting whether and how people could get used to them. Still less have they reflected upon the more obscure consequences of their activity. For instance, modern engineering is spectacular

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and dramatic, it compels attention and stimulates pride. But engineering machines and facilities are essentially material, and because they loom so large in our civilization, because we see and hear so much of them, and depend so much upon them, we are inclined to overlook more important spiritual values.

Engineers formerly considered all this none of their business. Lately, however, they have become concerned about the changes, even disturbances, in the community which have resulted either directly or indirectly, wholly or partially, from their ways of doing things and their astonishing devices. And they have publicly acknowledged their concern. In June, 1934, Mr. L. W. W. Morrow, editor of the *Electrical World,* told the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in their annual convention that ". . . both pure and applied science heretofore have stood detached from the social and moral aspects of man's career. . . . But the new conceptions and the new plans attempt to bring both science and engineering to bear upon man's social life; to improve his conduct, to advance his standard of living and to control his environment." In his "Economics and Technology," published this year, Professor Ferdynand Zweig of the University of Cracow admits that engineering progress has been primarily quantitative in the past, but contends that, hereafter, "moral influences must be allowed to prevail in deciding the fate and shaping the form of our civilization and man's place in it." The theme of the recent meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education at the University of Wisconsin was "The Spiritual Adjustment of the Engineer."

There are at least two good reasons for this changed outlook in the profession. In the first place, most engineers sooner or later get out of strictly scientific or technical work and go into the management of industry. By the time they are forty years of age, three out of five engineers are superintendents, works managers, vice-presidents, administrative officials of one title or another. In these positions they must deal with uncertain and inconsistent human nature, and they encounter difficulties which they cannot solve by means of their slide rules and formulas.

Another reason is that the engineer has been accused of causing the depression by inventing machines which are too productive. He resents the accusation and protests that if machines can perform all necessary work in a few hours per day, and people haven't good sense enough to utilize the resulting leisure in the service of the Lord and of their neighbor, and to distribute the advantages of the machine over the population, that is their fault and not his.

Although he declines the responsibility, the engineer is willing to do what he can to help us get adjusted to his machines. In fact, he feels that he may have to do much of the adjusting himself in the long run. Scholars, lecturers, writers may tell the world what has to be done about the machine, but they are not likely to do it themselves. The sociologist is useless on the open-hearth charging floor. But the engineer belongs out in front where the adjustments will be made, if there are to be any. He works shoulder to shoulder with the men in shops, rolling mills and mines; he hears them talk and can appreciate their grievances and trials, and their standards of value, and he can probably accomplish in the lives of men and women the reforms which others can accomplish only on paper.

But the engineer is not yet fitted to play an important part in solving the problems which he has created in the social structure. He is handicapped by his methods and habits of work. His thinking is inflexible, principally because his work is quantitative. He expects sure results from known causes. He understands the formulas of mathematics and the laws of the physical sciences and they all have but a single answer in any given set of conditions. Sometimes he tries to apply engineering methods to human problems and becomes hopelessly bewildered.

Engineers have long suspected that they should know more about political science, sociology, economics and more about the nature of man. They have begun to think that they must, in addition, be larger and more competent, both as professional men and as citizens. But it is characteristic of engineers that they have progressed beyond suspecting and thinking, even beyond talking; they have acted.

In 1932, the Engineers' Council for Professional Development was established by leading engineering societies, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education and the National Council of State Boards of Engineering Examiners. The council is a conference of the participating societies and its purpose is "to enhance the professional status of the engineer." In order to carry out this purpose the council "aims to coordinate and promote efforts and aspirations directed toward the higher professional standards of education and practise, greater solidarity of the profession, and greater effectiveness in dealing with technical, social and economic problems."

The business of the council is to study problems arising in the relations of the engineer to his profession and to the community, and to propose solutions, based on its studies, to the participating societies. The council takes no action with refer-

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ence to any of its recommendations unless and until the societies have authorized it to do so.

There are committees of the Council on Professional Recognition, Student Selection and Guidance, Professional Training, and Engineering Schools. The Committee on Engineering Schools has instituted a procedure for the accrediting of engineering colleges, and is engaged in the examination of colleges for this purpose. No central engineering authority had ever issued a list of reputable schools and the societies have delegated to the council the task of preparing such a list. This is the largest project which the council has yet undertaken. The college problem may not be the most serious which confronts the council but it had to act quickly to prevent accrediting of the colleges by agencies of doubtful competence outside the profession.

A most significant and interesting feature of the council's policies, deliberations and reports is the emphasis which it has placed upon the non-technical qualifications of the engineer. The Committee on Professional Recognition, for instance, has specified that the engineer who aspires to full professional standing must possess "economic and civic knowledge of a mature order," and the committee proposes that examinations for certification shall include cultural and economic subjects.

In the four years of its existence, the council has made unexpected progress. It has completed numerous studies and has made three valuable annual reports. What is more important, it has apparently won the respect of the profession. It has presented its purposes so effectively that the profession has adopted and approved them virtually without debate.

To one who ponders all this it looks as if the engineers may have encountered, or may shortly encounter, the soul of man. Let us hope that, unlike some of their brethren in pure science, they may recognize the soul for what it is. Failing in that, we can trust their practical wisdom to restrain them from pronouncing arrogantly what the soul is not.

SUCCESSFUL YOUTH

By E. J. ROSS

IT SEEMS befitting that the Catholics of Belgium and the Netherlands, who have furnished the world with so many intrepid missionaries of Christ, should now give yet other proofs of successful apostolic zeal. We refer to the Jociste organization of Belgium, and the Grail of Holland, two outstanding youth movements, both directed toward the preservation of the world from the insidious doctrines of Socialism and anti-religious materialism, and both aiming at the practical spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

First in point of time and membership numbers is the J.O.C. (Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne: Union of Young Christian Workers: Jocistes). After a two years' trial in one or two parish groups, the J.O.C. was finally organized in Brussels by the Belgian priest Father Cardyn in March, 1922.

There are about 600,000 young workers in industry in Belgium between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. Of these, well over 80,000 belong to the J.O.C., or its sister feminine division the J.O.C.F. Surely this is an achievement in a country where in the towns Socialism is as strong as Catholicism; even stronger, for the J.O.C. Manual published in 1930 paints a gloomy picture of the milieu in which the young Belgian industrial worker lives. The early age at which working life is begun, says the Manual, does not permit of complete character formation in the school. Yet not only must these young workers combat the dangers of adolescence without proper guidance, but their work-places are often dirty, unsanitary and gravely dangerous to their morals. Socialism is actively propagated in their ranks; commercialized recreation, as elsewhere in the world, is a serious menace; they have little incentive or opportunity to continue their studies and become useful citizens of the State and members of the Church; and if unemployment comes their way, in these days of industrial distress their plight from the moral viewpoint seems well-nigh hopeless.

In place of all this, the Jociste movement aims at giving the young Catholic worker an entirely different outlook. Members are accepted at the age of fourteen (the school leaving age), and are asked to resign at the age of twenty-five or on marriage. But the organization keeps in touch with the grade schools, and tries to enroll the boys and girls before they actually leave. While still in school, these latter members are called "prejocistes," they have no dues to pay, and vocational guidance is offered to them, so that they may obtain the best work suited to their talents. They, and all Jocistes, may take advantage of the employment bureau at the chief office in Brussels.

Whenever four members are found in a parish, a parish "section" is formed, with the idea that the solidarity thus procured will enkindle in others a desire to join them. Girls have their separate sections from the boys and young men, although

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they meet at dances and other festivities. The parish priest is usually the director of each section. Members pay a weekly subscription of one Belgian franc (three cents at normal exchange rates). Of this amount, 10 percent goes for local section needs; 15 percent to the Regional Federation of Sections; 10 percent to the central office in Brussels which coordinates and advises the whole; and 65 percent as the subscription price of the excellently produced and illustrated *J.O.C.*, a bi-weekly for the boys and young men, or *Joie et Travail*, the monthly for the feminine members.

In each parish where a sizable section is established, rooms are set aside for study groups, mass meetings, and recreation. Many of these clubs have special libraries, but all can call upon the regional or central offices for books, information, loan of films, etc. Sports, physical exercise of all sorts, short excursions into the country, and so forth, are all encouraged; and those members who are called up for military service are prepared for its dangers, and allowed to remain affiliated with their Jociste group. A number of sections have small savings banks and insurance facilities, to encourage thrift. Members are urged to attend the quarterly days of recollection provided for them, and the annual retreats.

The J.O.C. is, however, essentially educational in purpose, so that even sports and entertainments are held with an eye to their educational value and their aid in character formation. Whilst joy and good fellowship are the keynotes of the J.O.C., study groups are especially stressed, and are established wherever four members can be found to want one. Membership in each group is never allowed to go beyond fifteen, since the central office is of the opinion that two groups of eight students will accomplish much more than a single class of sixteen. More advanced study courses are held by regional study groups. There are also short regional study courses during such vacation periods as Easter and Whitsuntide, when members from the various sections meet together to discuss some special social or economic problem, and to exchange ideas in general. In particular, emphasis is placed on the study of practical working problems, and it is the aim of the Jocistes to agitate both indirectly, and directly through Parliament, for improvement in working conditions.

The movement is intensely virile, and in no way pietistic. Members are taught to look upon marriage as the normal goal for each one of them; they are given high ideals of the married state, and of pre-marital chastity. The moral, religious, economic and social effects of such a movement must be self-evident, and its popularity and practical adaptability are evidenced by the fact that already there are flourishing Jociste local sections and regional federations not only in Belgium but throughout France, and in French Canada as well.

The Grail movement at present confines its activities among women and girls. Aided by a Jesuit priest at the University of Nymegen, a handful of Dutch women founded a new religious order in 1921, under the title of Women of Nazareth or, as they were known in England, Ladies of the Grail. Their object was to win the world back to Christian ideals through the gentle influence of a woman-movement, which would possess the immense force necessarily arising from large numbers of enthusiasts uniting in one strong body for one single purpose. To gain greater influence, the new religious planned to dress and go about in the world as ordinary people, although they follow a stricter rule than most of the teaching orders. After many vicissitudes, they were finally approved by the Bishop of Haarlem in 1926, and with already nearly 150 religious members, the order began its work in March, 1929.

The plan is to establish a Grail house for every parish or group of parishes where invited by the bishop and the local priest. Here girls and young women will gather for companionship and recreation, but first and foremost for true character formation, for the development of all their gifts and accomplishments, both natural and supernatural. The guiding spirit of each Grail house is to be one or more members of the religious congregation: the ordinary members or Grail girls are in no wise religious, of course, and most will eventually marry and be all the better wives and mothers for their Grail training. Already there are well over 15,000 such members in Holland, with forty-five Grail houses and seventy-four smaller centers; and there are over 1,000 members each in Germany and Great Britain. Activities in Germany are naturally handicapped by political conditions, but in England Cardinal Bourne of Westminster actively fostered the movement; he donated to the order a special novitiate, so that English aspirants to religious membership are not obliged to go to the mother-house novitiate in Holland, and he urged young women to do all possible to further the cause. Although established a bare two years in England, the movement numbers three Grail houses, fifteen outposts or smaller centers which hope soon to have a Grail house for themselves, and seventy-two power stations or parishes and schools where only a few members are to be found.

The main spiritual ideals of the Grail are a joyous service of God, and a joyful active apostolate, both by prayer and good works, among one's fellowmen. To train the character of members, to develop all their mental, physical and spiritual powers and gifts, to fit them for marriage or other vocation, to provide them with necessary recreation, and assist them to forward Catholic Action, members of the Grail are divided into groups according to their abilities and tastes,

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always submitting their activities to the approval of the priests of the parish or parishes to which they belong. Some groups take up music, acting or physical training; others designing or decorating; some have lecturers give instruction in psychology, ethics, social questions, languages, public speaking and plain chant; others give assistance in the administrative office or help with publications.

In contradistinction to the Jociste movement, which shuns dramatic performances as being schools of vanity and jealousies, the Grail is of the opinion that Catholics can do do an immense amount for the Church's cause by well-chosen dramatic and choral presentations. "Everyman" was given to a crowded house at Albert Hall two years ago. "Ecce Sacerdos," especially written by the Grail to interpret the power of the sacraments, of prayer, and of the priesthood, was enacted at the Cambridge Theatre, London, in July, 1934, in honor of the late Cardinal Bourne's golden jubilee. In May, 1936, Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" was dramatically produced. In Holland in 1933 close on 40,000 people witnessed the Grail pageant depicting the life of Saint Lydwina, in which 7,000 performers took part. In the Sports-Palace in Berlin in January, 1933, 12,000 people were present at a Christmas play. In all these performances an outstanding feature is the fact that each part is taken by 10, 20 or even 100 actors. In this way the actors lose any sense of timidity, isolation or egotistical individuality, they learn instead selfless cooperation, and they have an effect on the audience which could not otherwise be gained.

Impressive as are these dramatic performances, however, they are in no wise the main features of the Grail. Grail girls, becoming wives and mothers, will inspire their children, men as well as women of the future, with noble aims, and undoubtedly the Grail will prove the nursery not only of good Catholic citizens who will learn to be intelligent followers, knowing when to demur when principles are at stake, but it will prove also the nursery of Catholic leaders, foremost in knowledge, skill and virtue.

Perhaps the greater seriousness of the Jociste movement, and its more militant ideas, would not prove popular in our country. The Grail, however, would seem admirably fitted to win the best that is in our Catholic girlhood of today. The quite extensive circulation list in the United States of the English Grail magazine distributed by the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee, is indicative of the interest already being manifested in our Catholic colleges and high schools. Perhaps the Grail will come to help us conquer the lethargy of so many of our Catholic people in the struggle to find for ourselves a new era, far removed from the individualistic materialism of the past century.

SAINT THOMAS ON WAR

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

IN OUR times, humanity seems to be divided between two camps, both of them founded in error. On the one side, the pacifists at any price, who are not far from making a virtue of cowardly neglect of duty; and, on the other side, the war mongers who praise the spirit of aggression, of violence and of conquest, singing even a hymn to the machine gun! Truth cannot be the privileged possession of fanatics, no matter on what side they are. Is it to be found in the middle way?

It appeared to me proper to have recourse to Saint Thomas Aquinas who treats of war and peace in several chapters of the "Summa." I will enter his answers to our difficulties into the record here, not only with respect, but also with admiration. If his views, as well as those of Saint Augustine, may seem difficult indeed to practise in the actual affairs of the world, they are none the less an ideal on which the eyes of the spirit should be fixed for direction. The goodness inspired by these two great friends of truth, of God and of men, reveals itself both *sub specie eternitatis* and *sub specie actualitatis*.

What does the prince of theologians say apropos of war? Does he condemn it unconditionally? No; he does not condemn it in its essence, and he cites to the point this passage of Canon Law: "If a man die for the true faith, or to save his country, or in defense of Christians, God will give him a heavenly reward" (XXIII, Q. viii, Can. *Omni Tempore*).

He then interprets as follows the Divine Word, "All that take the sword, shall perish with the sword": "Those who make sinful use of the sword are not always slain with the sword; yet they always perish with their own sword because, unless they repent, they are punished eternally for their sinful use of the sword."

Perhaps Saint Thomas would have signed the Kellogg-Briand pact only with reservations; for he admits that there are just wars; though these are just only on three conditions. The first condition is the real authority of the sovereign by whose command the war is to be waged. This authority, declares the great Doctor, the sovereign alone has, and no one else who is only a "private individual." A definitive text by Saint Augustine is cited to this effect: "The natural order conducive to peace among mortals demands that the power to declare and counsel war should be in the hands of those who hold the supreme authority" (Contra Faust. XXII).

This truth seems almost too evident to be explained with this insistence, but we will see that some surprising consequences result from it.

In the first place the Angelic Doctor distrusted, and not without reason, we can well believe, ambitious prime ministers, upstarts, and those generals who dream only of fighting. This was not the case with the "Prince," above all with the modern Prince, altogether different from the one of Machiavelli. Whether he is a king or president of the republic, the Prince, having reached the summit of power, has everything to lose and little to gain

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in an armed conflict. We do not find, for example, President Roosevelt, or the King of England, or M. Albert Lebrun, to mention these only, avid for blood. On the other hand, we hear bellicose words uttered in every country by those whom Saint Thomas calls "private individuals" and who have no real authority.

But there is even more to this. We have the commentary of M. Leo Pelland, manager of *La Revue du Droit,* who was a guest at the very interesting "Thomist Days" organized by the Dominican College of Ottawa, Canada. In the presence of and with the approbation of His Excellency Bishop Félix Couturier, M. Pelland observed that the principle of authentic authority, upheld by Aquinas as the first condition of a just war, could today, *mutatis mutandis,* play its part in the international plan. Since war has unanimously been placed outside the law, the various peoples and their leaders have no longer the right legally to embark on an armed aggression, one against the other. By the Pact of Paris, which bears the name of Kellogg-Briand, the Princes renounced this privilege, which was transferred to the League of Nations. Wherefore the kings and the presidents of republics entered the category of those "private individuals" of whom the supreme theologian said, "It is not their business to summon together the people, which has to be done in war time . . . it is not their business because they can seek for redress of their rights from the tribunal of their superior." In the present case this superior, or super-sovereign, or super-judge, would be the League of Nations and the Hague Tribunal.

But can one apply to either of these super-councils the right of handling the sword of which Saint Paul speaks? "He bears not the sword in vain; for he is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doth evil." We wonder, since they do not possess any sword—they possess only sanctions.

The second condition under which a war is just, is that there must be a just cause. "A just cause," wrote Saint Thomas, "is required, namely that those who are attacked, should be attacked because they deserve it on account of some fault." Here again a text from Saint Augustine is taken as a witness: "A just war is wont to be described as one that avenges wrongs, when a nation or a state has to be punished, for refusing to make amends for the wrongs inflicted by its subjects, or to restore what it has seized unjustly."

Such citations show the close accord there is between these two suns of theology and can only win the adherence of their disciples. It follows then that war should be an act of justice, that is, something emanating from a tribunal of justice. In adopting this point of view, the author of the "Summa" lifts himself above the distinctions always difficult to establish between a war called "offensive" and one called "defensive." Resistance to a sudden and unmerited invasion is held, of course, as beyond doubt and is not in question. What we are seeking to define is the employment of a punitive expedition, which has become inevitable.

Fundamentally the two saints consider that a nation has no right to take up arms unless it has first been gravely injured, and only after it has exhausted other legal procedures. The culprit should be warned, and he should be given an opportunity to restore justice. The fault to be punished should be really grave, of a gravity that should be insisted on more today than ever before because armaments have been perfected in their deadliness. For Saint Thomas does not neglect the divine precepts which disqualify war and its wrongs: "I say to you not to resist evil," and "Not revenging yourselves, my dearly beloved, but give place unto wrath." He interprets these as an objection to war, to which he assents, leaving them all their value; but he explains them with a view to the actual life of the people. "Suchlike precepts should always be borne in mind, so that we may be ready to obey them and, if necessary, to refrain from resistance or self-defense. . . . Nevertheless it is necessary some time for a man to act otherwise for the common good or for the good of those with whom he is fighting."

It is not lightly, then, nor in a period of excitability, that a people should come to blows with another. It should seek to bear the injuries up to a certain point, force itself to remain pacific as long as possible. But if the adversary is obstinate in his evil, the great Dominican, together with the incomparable Bishop of Hippo, counsels a "kindly severity." Both believe that a just war should consist in "healing" the adversary, while punishing him. "For when we are stripping a man of the lawlessness of sin, it is good for him to be vanquished, since nothing is more hopeless than the happiness of sinners, whence arise a guilty immunity and an evil will, like an internal enemy."

We thus see with edification what an abyss separates, on the one side, the pagan wars of other times and above all the neo-pagan wars of today, and on the other side, wars idealistically conducted, which can be called "Christian wars." Such wars are crusades. In a certain manner and even while fighting them, we should love our enemies.

The contrary procedure of actual governments, consisting in exciting the populations of their countries and injecting hate into them so that they will fight better, is absolutely condemned by the Angelic Doctor. We thus come to the third condition, without which a war, although just in principle, would not continue to be so in fact.

A right intention is required, under several conditions hereafter particularized. This right intention should be maintained throughout the hostilities and blossom in the treaty of peace which follows. He who is engaged in war should never lose sight of "the advancement of good or the avoidance of evil." Saint Thomas cites here a canonical text: "True religion looks upon as peaceful those wars that are waged not for motives of aggrandizement or cruelty, but with the object of securing peace, of punishing evil-doers, and uplifting the good."

A wicked intention would make illicit even a war carried on by a person with authority to make war and who makes it for just reasons. It is evident that the two saints, if they were alive today, would energetically disapprove of the manner in which wars are conducted in our days, even those called just, and would second with redoubled

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zeal the effort of the Popes to stop them. Saint Augustine says further in confirmation of what is here set forth: "The passion for inflicting harm, the cruel thirst for vengeance, an unpacific and relentless spirit, the fever of revolt, the lust of power, and suchlike things, all these are rightly condemned in war" (Contra Faust. XXII).

Thus, if one took the occasion of righting a wrong to make a war of conquest, of pillaging or of extermination, he would fall under the stricture of our critics who will not admit even the spirit of revenge. Revenge creates hostilities without end, with an occasional true but not real peace; and those who have with equity launched themselves in a just war have the obligation of proposing a true peace, also just, the only durable peace. "We do not seek peace in order to be at war," declares Saint Augustine in the Epistle to Boniface (clxxxix), "but we go to war in order that we may have peace. Be peaceful, therefore, in warring, so that you may vanquish those whom you war against, and bring them to the prosperity of peace."

These admirable principles of moderation, where human pity is mingled with the divine law, do not in any way prevent the observance of duty in all its aspects. On the contrary. It is not necessary to be directly offended oneself to participate in a just war. It is thus that the principle of an alliance of peoples to keep the peace and restrain the aggressor, is admitted. It is licit, it is laudable to succor the feeble. "Rescue the poor; and deliver the needy out of the hands of the sinner," as says the Psalmist cited by Saint Thomas.

It must not be forgotten that even the most just war is only a means of achieving peace. Peace is the object. The peace should be the work of justice, but it is above all an act of love and charity, says Saint Thomas: "It is an act of the greatest virtue because it results from charity to a neighbor and love of God."

King Cahill's Farewell

(Written to The Londenderry Air)

"The autumn sun your shadow's flung, my Cahill,
Upon the field where now your reaping's done—
Lo there! and lo! the reaper's wreath of rushes
Is on your forehead like a kingly crown

"And I have come to name you King of Connacht,
And bid you where O'Connor's muster grows—
No shadow-king, but one to front the Norman,
And rear the standard that all Eire knows."

"Farewell," he said, "farewell, the field I've sickled,
Farewell, the youths whose backs were bent with mine,
Farewell, the maids whose singing now comes to me,
O Brighid, guard our roofs, our fields, our kine!

"No baron's keep shall frown above your labor,
No pale they'll make to hold our Irish deer—
A true-born scion of Connacht's Kings I go now—
My fathers' brand, this sword, shall lead your axe, your spear!"

PADRAIC COLUM.

Communications

THE RYAN-COUGHLIN CONTROVERSY

Wahington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I thank you heartily for your editorial in THE COMMONWEAL, October 23, 1936, entitled "The Ryan-Coughlin Controversy." While your interpretation of my position is entirely correct as far as it goes, it does not mention the principal reason why I made my radio speech, October 8. On the face of the record, however, there was nothing to let you know what this reason was. As you say, I wanted to show that the "condemnation of the New Deal as communistic was false and absurd," but more earnestly than that I desired to offset, in so far as I could, the evil effect of Father Coughlin's speeches upon Catholic interests and upon the peace of mind of two distinct groups of Catholics.

When I decided to deliver that address, the indications were that if Roosevelt were defeated for reelection, the main cause would be the defection of large groups of his followers to Mr. Lemke. If that were to happen, the conclusion would be drawn by millions of Americans that the President's defeat was due to the opposition of a Catholic priest. The bad effects of that conclusion would not have been easy to live down, particularly in those regions of America where the Catholic population is small. Happily these hypothetical events are no longer of practical moment, inasmuch as it is now overwhelmingly probable that the President will be reelected.

The direct evil effects of Father Coughlin's addresses, particularly his political speeches during the last few months, have affected both those who do not agree with him and those who blindly follow him. The former have suffered a considerable amount of anxiety and even anguish over the question of his authority. To many of them it seemed that his teachings on the money system as the cause of our economic ills and his advocacy of certain monetary remedies, enjoyed the sanction and approval of the Church. The same impression was received by many Protestants. Since the delivery of my radio speech, the Catholic opponents of Father Coughlin have experienced a great sense of relief. They realize that Father Coughlin's economic theories and proposals have no positive support in the encyclicals of Leo and Pius or in any other authoritative Catholic source. They can now hold up their heads and make an effective reply to their Protestant friends who tell them that "the Catholic Church must be back of Father Coughlin." Since the address was delivered I have received a considerable number of letters from Protestants expressing satisfaction over the fact that Father Coughlin's theories are not necessarily Catholic doctrine. A much greater number of letters has come from Catholics rejoicing over the same discovery. This reassurance given to both Catholics and Protestants has been in my opinion sufficient of itself to justify the delivery of the address.

Greater even than the harm done by Father Coughlin's addresses to Catholics and Protestants who do not accept his teaching is that inflicted upon his faithful followers.

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What he has done to the emotions and minds and souls of thousands of Catholics in this country is saddening and sickening to contemplate. In a general way I was aware of this fact before I delivered my radio address. Now I have specific and documented knowledge on the subject. Out of the more than 1,200 letters which I have received from convinced Coughlinites, not more than 50 were expressed in courteous language. The overwhelming majority of the letters were not merely lacking in the respect due to a priest, but contained expressions that ladies and gentlemen do not use in addressing anyone. The vast majority of the letters were intemperate and intolerant, while a large proportion were abusive and insulting. Many of them declared that I was a Judas Iscariot; many others wanted to how how much money I had got from Jim Farley for making the speech; one said that I was a devil in disguise, while Father Coughlin was another Jesus on earth. Through a great many of the letters ran a thread not merely of prejudice but of hate, and not a few of them exhibited strong evidence of anti-clericalism.

Father Coughlin has succeeded in persuading his hearers, or at least a large proportion of them, not only that his money theories and remedies are supported by the papal encyclicals, but that his economic teachings in general are on a level with the infallible pronouncements of the Church. These devotees resent any question of "our great leader's" teachings. They are particularly incensed at the statement in my speech that his explanation of our economic maladies is at least 50 percent wrong and his monetary theories and proposals at least 90 percent wrong, even though the overwhelming majority of the economists would put down these estimates as understatements.

I repeat that what Father Coughlin has done to the minds of his followers is saddening and sickening. The majority of the 1,200 and more letters that have come to me from them are evidently written by poor and uneducated persons who have suffered much from the depression and who look upon Father Coughlin as a Messiah who will lead them into the Promised Land. They have been completely misled and their minds have been closed against the consideration of genuine remedies and reforms.

The leading editorial of the October 10 issue of the Washington *Post* was headed "Overdue Deflation." The reference was to Father Coughlin and to my radio speech. But I do not flatter myself the speech has convinced or converted any of those who have written me angry and protesting letters or any of the thousands of others of Father Coughlin's followers who follow him as blindly as do the letter writers. The letters, however, contain some internal evidence to the effect that many of the writers feel less cocksure than they did before my speech was delivered. They have at least been thrown into a state of bewilderment that any Catholic could have questioned the teachings of their leader. But the main good effects of my address upon the group of Catholics that have been attracted by Father Coughlin's speeches are and will be felt by those who had already begun to waver in their allegiance to him and by those who had not yet become convinced adherents of his doctrine. Abundant evidence of this development has come to me in other letters received since the speech was delivered.

In view of both the favorable and the unfavorable letters that I have received, I am glad that I made that radio speech. I regard it as one of the most effective and beneficial acts that I have ever performed in the interests of my religion and my country.

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

Paterson, N. J.

TO the Editor: Permit me to express regret and disappointment at the falling down of THE COMMONWEAL in the esteem of many from its high pedestal as an ideal Christian and American review of public affairs.

For a long time it has been evident that the editors of THE COMMONWEAL are prejudiced against Father Coughlin and the National Union for Social Justice. Never has an article appeared in the editorial columns or in "Week by Week" or in "Seven Days' Survey" but this prejudice and dogmatic omniscience has been manifested; whereas it is to be suspected that neither the editors nor the writers of these articles (to whom the editors gave their benediction) have a thorough understanding of economics, nor of the history behind the writing into the Constitution of the specific and well-defined Article I, Section 8, Paragraph 5, nor of the censures of Pope Pius XI against the private control of credit.

THE COMMONWEAL is professedly a review thoroughly American and thoroughly Catholic. It is difficult, however, to square the attitude of THE COMMONWEAL toward Father Coughlin's work with the Constitutional American provision that "Congress shall have the power to coin money and to regulate the value thereof," and with the declaration of Pius XI that "this power [despotic economic domination concentrated in the hands of a few] is particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will."

In the issue of August 28, under "Week by Week," the writer stated: "Obviously the National Union for Social Justice . . . still believes that money is the root of all evil." (THE COMMONWEAL here touched upon the main issue of the moment but a few pages later under "Seven Days' Survey" endeavored to decloud this real issue with a quotation from Monsignor Ryan on a side issue.) "Those not included in the membership," continued the writer, "may with some reason view the Cleveland convention as the emotional high-water-mark of American political history. The reasoning of the Coughlinites may be of dubious quality, but there can be no question of the virility of their sentiment." Here THE COMMONWEAL was very dogmatic and ungracious toward the delegates of N.U.S.J. who went to Cleveland filled with the spirit of sacrifice and of intelligence to conduct

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themselves "as did their forefathers centuries ago when they convened to discuss ways and means of establishing political freedom for this nation."

In taking exception to the laissez-faire attitude of THE COMMONWEAL let me submit a recent article from the Buffalo *Echo* which was reprinted by the *Catholic Daily Tribune:*

"No reasonable individual can deny that there are many absurdities in our present monetary system. In fact, it is quite impossible to remain calm while examining such an insanity as governmental bolstering of privately owned banks solely to enable that same government to borrow money from those same revivified institutions. And what shall be said of permitting the power of money creation and regulation to remain in private hands, than which there is no greater power in modern economic life?

"The few Catholic scholars who have devoted their thought to this important question have, in the main, come to the conclusion that Pope Pius's strictures against the private control of credit are presented as indicating an important piece of Catholic Action. For the most part, however, we American Catholics are content to think of the social problem in terms of capital and labor. Yet the power to contract the money medium, presently held by individuals, is the power to create panics. And as James P. Fitzgerald, writing in a recent issue of *America,* points out, this power is used consciously and deliberately by unscrupulous money-changers to effect the ruin and downfall of groups and masses. In May, 1920, the Federal Reserve Board met in Washington to call loans over the protest of the controller of the currency. The answer of the Federal Reserve Board is significant: 'They [the farmers] ought to be ruined. They are getting so prosperous they won't work.'

"Father Coughlin, fortunately, continues to keep this important question of money, its control, issuance and regulation, before the American people. Catholic scholarship, both clerical and lay, should devote itself to this important topic if only because our Holy Father has demanded it. To begin with, we can desist from acting and talking as though the insanities of our present iniquitous system were of little or no moment. The money question is a major part of our social problem, economically speaking. It demands the attention of every Catholic who claims to be a lover of Christ and His justice."

Recently, THE COMMONWEAL italicized an introductory announcement to the effect that the editors had asked Dr. Bernards Sachs "to elaborate certain remarks made not long ago before a group of physicians on the subject of psychoanalytic approaches to child training." Previously in another italicized introduction the editors observed: "It goes without saying that recent disturbances in Palestine are especially troubling because the country has become an indispensable place of refuge for Jews persecuted in other lands. . . . We believe that the following paper on the situation by a European journalist familiar with the situation is as nearly impartial as any one commentary could be. It does not express the opinions of THE COMMONWEAL.

For the sake of their intelligent readers who think with Father Coughlin, I challenge the editors of THE COMMONWEAL to have the humility, good sportsmanship and intestinal fortitude to admit that they know they do not know everything; to publish this protest in its entirety; and to ask Father Coughlin to contribute an article to THE COMMONWEAL elaborating one of his sixteen points of Social Justice even though it should not express the opinions of THE COMMONWEAL.

REV. JAMES J. CARBERRY.

CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: We Catholics can claim a special interest in the Child Welfare League of America and its effort to befriend the nation's 500,000 stranded children. More than two centuries ago, Ursuline Nuns at New Orleans opened the first orphanage in this country. It was "not only for the white girl, but also for the Negress and the squaw." Several little orphans of the Indian massacre were among their early charges. Orphan boys were cared for by the Jesuits and Capuchins.

Today, the Child Welfare League's roster of 160 member agencies includes the Children's Division of the Catholic Welfare Bureau, Los Angeles; the Diocesan Bureau of Social Service, Hartford, Connecticut; the Catholic Community League, Canton, Ohio; the House of the Holy Child, Spring House, Ohio; the Catholic Social Welfare Bureau, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and scores of non-sectarian institutions which depend largely for their support upon the liberality and humanitarianism of devoted Catholics.

To a striking extent, therefore, the League's campaign to increase its usefulness by enrolling new members is our campaign, and even were it not it would appeal to us strongly. Never before has such a multitude of stranded children been seen in America. Some are exposed to moral hazards in almshouses and even jails because there is no other place to put them. Many are being sent back to face neglect and cruelty in the noxious homes from which juvenile courts were compelled to remove them. People imagine that the Social Security Act provides for all needy children. Except as it takes care of little cripples, it gives no support to children outside their own homes and leaves a half a million at the mercy of local communities where standards are slipping. Think of lodging children among degenerates and senile morons! There has been nothing like it since the days of Dickens.

Through new memberships, the League seeks to raise $100,000, practically all of which will be spent in putting additional representatives into the field to strengthen child-caring agencies everywhere, rally support for them, guide new efforts, and get their country out of a child-neglecting mood that is a national peril as well as a national disgrace. Newton D. Baker was not exaggerating in the least when he said recently, "In these difficult times, the great social agencies concerned with the welfare of children are in danger. If the danger is real, then America is in danger. We can sacrifice almost anything else."

R. L. HARTH.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Holy Father's intention for which priests throughout the world offered one of the three Masses they celebrated November 2, All Souls Day, was for the souls of all who have died in the Spanish Civil War. * * * At the close of the sixteenth annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women at Galveston, Texas, the delegates renewed their pledge of loyalty and obedience to the entire Catholic Action program outlined in the encyclicals of Pope Pius XI. * * * The seventh annual field Mass was said at Aquia, Va., in Brent cemetery, on the site where eight Jesuit priests were martyred by Indians in 1571 and the first English Catholic settlement in Virginia was founded in 1647 by Maryland colonists. * * * Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P., editor of the *Catholic World,* is giving his eighth series of radio addresses on the Catholic Hour, Sunday evenings from now until December 27. His topic is the "Life of the Soul." * * * The Commissariat of the Holy Land has just published at Washington, D. C., a book entitled "Ave Maria," containing the prayers of the rosary in 150 languages. * * * At the one-hundredth anniversary of the Typographical Union of Quebec a Mass for deceased members was said in Jacques Cartier's parish church. * * * At the Catholic Action week in Dubuque, Iowa, Father Edward J. Flanagan, founder of Boys Town, Nebraska, suggested the formation of a reserve corps of young men from twenty-one to thirty-five who would personally act as older brothers to any youths reported as having tendencies to drift into delinquency. Father Flanagan said, "We must get to the boy before he gets to the reformatory." * * * The first meeting of the year of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems is announced for November 30 and December 1 at Rochester, New York. Later meetings will be held at Des Moines, Fresno, Indianapolis and Philadelphia. * * * Bishop Thomas J. Walsh of Newark, N. J., has issued a call for 2,500 catechists to instruct the Catholic children attending public schools in the diocese. * * * The *Catholic News,* archdiocesan weekly of New York, is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary.

The Nation.—About two weeks from the campaign's end, Senate tabulators reported Republican campaign expenses at $6,160,999 and Democratic at $2,856,074. The total for both parties together in 1932 was $4,378,000. Republicans were attacking the tax on pay which the security measures require, certain employers putting warnings in pay envelopes distributed to workers. Landon continued to hammer at the President's vagueness about his future policies, especially trying to get a commitment on NRA. In Indianapolis the Governor gave his major speech on foreign affairs, listing what he believed to be salutary measures, such as arbitration, mediation, laws taking profits out of war, avoidance of the League or World Court and generally minding our own business. How well integrated the list was, proved a matter strictly of opinion. In Pittsburgh he lashed out at the New Deal army of mercenaries. Everywhere he warned of dictatorship. President Roosevelt spoke in the stadium of Howard University, federal institution for Negroes. Democrats everywhere pointed with pride to their past record, contrasting it with past Republican performance, and especially they emphasized prosperity. * * * Before recessing for two weeks the Supreme Court indicated that it will hear in the near future three test cases directed against the constitutionality of the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the Railway Labor Act. Meanwhile a Regional Labor Board ordered a carpet manufacturer in Yonkers to disband a company union and to reinstate three discharged members of the textile union. * * * With the highly ballyhooed inauguration of passenger air service across the Pacific safely over, the Department of Commerce indicated that a group of Americans are forming to start a trans-Atlantic dirigible service in machines constructed by the German Zeppelin company. * * * The National Safety Council announced that automobile deaths during the first nine months of 1936 were 25,850, compared with 25,830 during the same period last year. The Council believes that the rise in fatalities is not proportionate to the increase in automobile travel. There was a 10-percent advance in gasoline consumption.

The Wide World.—New facets of Europe's hectic unsettlement began to glitter during the week. First on the list probably was the German government's announcement that it would accord recognition to Italy's Ethiopian empire. The date was October 24; and the news followed Count Ciano's visit to Hitler at Berchtesgaden. At about the same time Joachim von Ribbentrop was dispatched to London, where a chill wind obviously blows. Significantly enough, what interested most people was less the military implications of a common "Fascist understanding" than the probable effect of the new accord upon financial and commercial problems in southeastern Europe. Jugoslavia was manifestly nervous, and the inability of governments to tell what economic pressure might be exerted by Italy and Germany jointly was apparent in all the Balkan states. Incidentally, of course, Mussolini boasted of 8,000,000 bayonets "held by men with intrepid hearts." Some of them, he said, were civilizing the Ethiopian landscape. * * * The fate of Madrid appeared to be sealed as General Franco's troops dominated the railways to the east. Rightists had plenty of mechanized equipment, against which—according to an extraordinarily impressive dispatch sent by James M. Minifie to the New York *Herald Tribune*—the Leftist militia is defenseless. It seemed very likely that Madrid might witness a destructive massacre lasting for weeks, after which the battle front would shift to Catalonia. Russia, having made a vigorous diplomatic move to hamper Italo-German aid to

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the Rightists, withdrew from the strife without more than a promise to aid the Leftist cause. Portugal made a strong reply to the Russian bill of complaints, alleging that Soviet agents had caused the war in Spain and had attempted to foment civil strife in Portugal. * * * Dr. Goebbels and his assistant, Hans Johst, told an audience in Weimar that the government would devote increased attention to the book trade. It is assumed that a campaign is under way to subordinate book publishing to the party according to the rules already adopted for newspapers and periodicals. * * * Active political fighting behind the scenes led eventually to an accord between the Radical Socialists and the Blum government. Though the Premier was in essence told to keep aloof from "nonsense," he was enabled to feel sure of ample support for measures to be discussed by the Chamber after it convenes on November 3. Considerable attention is also being given to a proposed revision of the laws governing newspaper defamation. At present the burden of proof rests with the press; but if the change is made, it will be up to the individual to prove that an attack upon him is slander. * * * Mrs. Ernest A. Simpson, principal in the greatest royal scandal of modern history, was divorced from her husband after a short court hearing at Ipswich. The English newspapers refrained from comment on the situation, but American reporters declared emphatically that, taking advantage of the laws which permit the sovereign to wed anyone not a Catholic, King Edward would marry Mrs. Simpson after his own coronation next year.

* * * *

Cardinal Pacelli's Visit.—Following visits to ecclesiastical dignitaries in New York, Boston and Washington, Cardinal Pacelli was honored at a public reception given at Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady's country home at Innisfada, Long Island. Perhaps never before has America witnessed a comparable Catholic social event. Arrayed to greet guests in the impressive drawing-room were, in addition to Cardinal Pacelli, the Cardinal Archbishops of New York and Quebec (His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, and His Eminence, Cardinal Villeneuve) and the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Archbishop Cicognani. Bishops, prelates, priests and lay folk of New York and its environs had been invited by the hostess. The distinguished Papal Secretary of State spoke cordially to all, stressing in particular his pleasure at being in this country. An unusual setting was afforded by the illumination of the long drives through the estate. Innumerable flagons of burning oil seemed to dot the wooded hillside with stars. The next day His Eminence set off in a chartered plane for a cross-country trip. After a stop at Notre Dame, which awarded an honorary degree, the journey continued to Chicago, St. Paul, San Francisco, Los Angeles and St. Louis. Fordham University will signalize Cardinal Pacelli's return to New York at a special ceremony on Sunday, November 1. Five thousand persons have been invited to witness the granting of on honorary degree. It is assumed that the Cardinal's vacation visit will end with this event. He had sedulously insisted upon the strictly private character of the voyage.

The Rexists.—Leon Degrelle is a handsome young Belgian who, though minus much that is amorphous or crag-like of countenance, possesses a good deal of oratorical talent. Too much of it, in fact, think many of his countrymen. About a year ago, he emerged as a pamphleteer and speaker who asserted that the traditional Catholic party was shot through with corruption and, more than that, indifferent to "Quadragesimo Anno." The ardent desire of youth was, he held, for an authoritarian state hostile to the Socialists and committed unequivocally to Christ the King. Accordingly his movement was dubbed Rexism, and had soon mustered enough strength to deprive the Catholic party of considerable votes. The shock did this party good, however, and it began to face resolutely the most difficult of its organizational problems—the establishment of a measure of harmony between its Flemish and Walloon constituents. A campaign of propaganda for democratic institutions was likewise undertaken. Meanwhile Degrelle had cemented an alliance with the Flemish extremists, and announced that 250,000 of his followers would march on Brussels in order to take over the government. The occasion was to be the feast of Christ the King; but doubtless the Rexists were not actually thinking of a coup but only of publicity. At all events, the government forbade the demonstration. Suddenly, as a crowd of veterans and their friends was leaving the Cathedral of St. Gudule, two Rexist flags—red, with a black crown—were draped from a window across the square, and the face of Degrelle appeared. His arm was extended in Fascist form. Immediately the square became a scene of turmoil. The police charged the crowd with drawn sabers. Heads were broken, one participant was apparently fatally wounded. Demonstrations continued throughout the day, near the close of which the Socialists also participated. The Rexist leader was clamped in jail. The chief fear of responsible persons seemed to be that Degrelle might evoke unrest sufficient to bring more or less slumbering Flemish-Walloon antipathies to a head.

Browder's Difficulties.—After suffering violence in Terre Haute, Ind., recently, Kansas-born Communist candidate for President, Earl Browder, was not entirely unprepared for his reception in Tampa, Florida. At Terre Haute he had been thrown into jail on charges of vagrancy and after his release his political meeting was so heavily shelled by eggs and overripe tomatoes that it had to be abandoned. At Tampa, Florida, October 25, the opposition was more strenuous. Fifteen men, some of them in orange American Legion caps, appeared on the scene—a vacant lot near the center of the business section where 400 people had been listening for about five minutes. Using fists and in some cases the butts of revolvers, they approached the speakers' stand and, after removing with care the bunting and the American flags which decorated it, they proceeded to overturn the speakers' stand and disperse the meeting. Shortly afterward Mr. Browder left for a speaking engagement in Detroit. A New York *Times* news dispatch from Terre Haute asserts that the citizens there are not opposed to free speech, but that

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because of the casualties in labor disputes which they had recently experienced and which had been charged to the Communists, the barrage of missiles were a real expression of their feeling toward the Communists. In Florida, Governor Shultz, prevailed upon by the International Labor Defense and other organizations, ordered an investigation of the Tampa disorders. As we go to press a constable, a deputy constable and former deputy sheriff have been placed under arrest, each under a bond of $1,000. In the meantime the Tampa posts of the American Legion have adopted resolutions denying outright any connection with the fracas and stating that such action was contrary to American Legion principles. On hearing complaints that no auditorium in Buffalo would open its doors to Mr. Browder, Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, issued a statement, October 27, calling upon President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman to "vindicate the right of discussion" by intervening in the Communist candidate's behalf.

National Catholic Theatre.—Mr. Emmet Lavery, Catholic playwright, spoke to the Catholic Women's Club of Los Angeles about the creation of a national Catholic theatre through a sort of little theatre movement in the parishes. "I offer the idea not only on the general ground that it is the best method of revitalizing Catholicism in America, but on the further ground that it is an ethical and practical substitute for the ill-considered and unfortunate raffles which are still the main money-raising and culture-spreading activity of many parishes. The plan requires no subsidy, no foundation. I have in mind no Catholic Theatre on Broadway as considered in years gone by, but I have in mind a Catholic theatre in every parish auditorium where there are a few souls with imagination. If 500 out of the 15,000 parishes in the United States [18,000 is a better approximation] would apply themselves to the theatre with the same diligence shown by the New Theatre League of the Communists, we might give the non-professional theatre of America a real renaissance—and the professional theatre as well. Remember that the Abbey in Ireland was definitely amateur in the best sense of the word at the beginning, consider the wide variety of theatre work which would unite the young people of the parish in new activities, and look upon the theatre market which we would create for rising young Catholic dramatists. . . . The Book Club and the Poetry Society have not moved the masses, though they have unquestionably stirred and uplifted thousands. They are the spearheads, to be sure, of the Literary Emergence in this country, but there are millions who will always remain a little beyond their influence—and the cold appeal of unimaginative sermons. . . . I think we have done well to make such strides in pictures, but I think this is an accomplishment that does not, except in rare instances, advance Catholic culture. For that, I am convinced we must turn back to the theatre."

The Late Senator Couzens.—A native of Chatham, Ontario, Senator Couzens of Michigan, who died October 22, at the age of sixty-four, began his colorful career at the age of fifteen as a newsboy on the Erie and Hudson Railroad. Three years later he came to Detroit as a car checker on the Michigan Central Railroad. In 1903, his employer put him to work with Henry Ford, whom he was backing financially. Couzens invested his meager capital of $1,000 and $1,500 he borrowed in the infant Ford enterprise and during its early uncertainties bought up all the stock he could. As a result he received millions in dividends, and Henry and Edsel Ford paid him $29,308,857.90 for his shares when he sold out in 1919. As an executive in the Ford company Mr. Couzens was at first "hard-boiled," but one cold winter day in 1914 when he had discharged several thousand workers and saw the hose turned on them, his outlook changed and in forty-eight hours had persuaded Mr. Ford to raise their wages from $2.30 to $5.00 a day. In 1916, big, bluff, with his hair prematurely white, Mr. Couzens turned to public life, in which he manifested an unpredictable independence. As Police Commissioner he succeeded in cleaning up the city of Detroit. During the war he was Federal Fuel Administrator, and in 1918 was elected mayor of the city after a campaign in which he told voters not to look upon the city hall as a place to get favors. As Street Railway Commissioner he had sharp conflicts with the traction companies and he succeeded in securing municipal operation. Shortly after his appointment to the United States Senate in 1922 he startled his colleagues by urging modification of the Volstead Act to allow the workman "good, old-fashioned beer." His most famous contest was with Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon, whose department he sought to have investigated. When in reply a suit was filed charging him with income-tax evasion, he offered to meet Mr. Mellon in public debate. But the challenge was not accepted and the suit was dropped. In 1928, Senator Couzens opposed upward revision of tariff rates. His defeat in the September primaries because of his support of the New Deal was believed to have ended his political career. A millionaire, he always advocated higher taxes for the wealthy. He was particularly interested in underprivileged children and his charitable gifts totaled many millions.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—A conference to unite the Episcopal Church League for Industrial Democracy, the Methodist Federation for Social Service and similar groups into an interdenominational Council of Christian Democracy is to be held at Columbus, Ohio, November 17-19. The united council will be asked to reject "the profit-seeking economy around which capitalistic society is organized" and to support a social economy which will "realize those social values which our Gospel proclaims to be supreme"—every effort being made to effect this basic change of society "by the democratic process." * * * The Conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion of the Western Hemisphere closed at Chicago, October 17, with a call to all men of goodwill to unite in working for peace by applying the Christian principles of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." * * * At the meeting of the New Jersey Synod of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A.

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at Atlantic City, Dr. William Hiram Foulkes of Newark, newly elected moderator, declared, "It is no mere coincidence that the only nations on the earth where civil liberty and personal freedom are being magnified are those which were founded on the Protestant tradition. If it were not for the United States, Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries, together with Switzerland and Holland, where would there be any ray of hope for the continuance of enlightened democracy?" * * * The *Christian Science Monitor,* making a survey of the opposition to the consumer cooperative movement in the Middle West, finds considerable enmity toward the principle of the movement and toward government aid to the cooperatives. Retail coal merchants together with lumber merchants and grocers, are taking the lead in opposing this "European system of consumer-owned and operated business" which threatens American retailing methods.

Orate Fratres' Anniversary.—The tenth anniversary issue of *Orate Fratres,* published October 31, offers a brilliant review and resumé of the liturgical movement and a clear impression of the important part which that Benedictine magazine has taken. The introduction by Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O.S.B., calmly states, "That the world is at the present time in a state of turmoil and in travail to give birth to a new social order is evident to every man who has any consciousness of what is going on among men. . . . One thing is certain: no order of social harmony and peace can emerge without the all-powerful direction of the Holy Spirit." Abbot Deutsch expresses "the firm conviction that the [liturgical] movement is the work of the Holy Ghost preparing Christ's Church for the new era of some form of Communism, into which the human race is entering, and that it will be the most potent factor in the shaping of this era." Three series of articles tell of "The Scope of the Liturgical Movement," "Creed and Cult," "The Liturgy and Catholic Action," "Liturgy and Asceticism," "The Divine Office for All," "The Liturgical Movement and the Catholic Press," "A Practical Aspect of Liturgical Art," and of many other phases of this renovation. "If assent to the Church's creed makes us true believers in God, then her liturgy makes us true adorers. . . . If the first purpose of the liturgical movement is to lead the faithful into more intimate participation in the liturgy of the Church, then the further objective must also be that of getting the liturgical spirit to radiate forth from the altar of Christ into every aspect of the daily life of the Christian. . . . For liturgical life is Catholic life in the sense that it includes personal sanctification both of self and of others and is essentially united to and dependent on the priestly powers of Christ extant in His Church. . . . It is now apparent that the great enemy of liturgical piety is individualistic piety. Individualistic piety is a kind that disdains the community. . . . Such [living with the Church by participation in the liturgy] involves self-forgetfulness, self-denial, a setting aside of that consideration for what is for one's own advantage which thrusts God and fellow man ruthlessly aside when they seem to stand in the way of our profit and pleasure."

Corpus Christi Church.—On October 25, Cardinal Hayes dedicated a church which is probably without its counterpart anywhere in the world. During the past few years, the old Corpus Christi parish has enlarged its scope of activities to include the spiritual care of Catholic students in attendance at Columbia University. A new building was needed. Father George B. Ford, the pastor, and Mr. Wilfred E. Anthony thereupon decided to erect a church of substantially different design. The exterior, adapted to the Columbia setting, is Georgian, and with this the interior harmonizes. There is the church proper, two stories in height, with room for 700 parishioners; and the equipment includes much of special interest, for example, a memorial to Cardinal Newman with specially designed statues of Saint Thomas More and Saint John Cardinal Fisher. In addition there is a basement auditorium, for the use of the parish but especially calculated to serve the needs of Newman Club discussion groups; a school, which will be staffed by 20 Sisters of St. Dominic, brought from Sinsinawa, Wisc.; and, finally, a complete convent where the Sisters will be in residence. All this sound like a *mixtum compositum,* but the architect has succeeded in creating a logical and beautiful unit. Parishioners and friends donated to the chapel fixtures of extraordinary interest. Thus the pulpit crucifix is a thirteenth-century Siennese painting on wood, the monstrance studded with diamonds is a beautiful piece, and there are sanctuary lamps of artistic value. The sermon for the dedication was delivered by the Reverend John P. Monaghan, and to this we shall return at a later date. President Nicholas Murray Butler and a distinguished group of academicians attended the dedicatory services.

* * * *

Maritime Struggles.—On October 26, the maritime unions of the Pacific Coast announced a strike for October 29 unless "fundamental issues" were settled. The Federal Maritime Commission, set up by the Ship Subsidy Act, was making strenuous efforts to delay a show-down until it completed a general investigation of shipping in American ports. It refused to take responsibility for adjusting present difficulties and said the seven maritime unions and the employers should work out a temporary compromise of their own. But the full investigation would take about six months. The settlement which closed the bloody 1934 strike is running out, and neither side claims to want it renewed, although the employers seem more agreeable to that course than the workers. The shipowners wish the commission immediately to do something about "violations of awards and agreements" which have been giving them, they say, almost continuous labor trouble. The unions, on the other hand, were threatening a strike unless explicit provision were made for the preferential hiring of union men; cash payments instead of time off for overtime work by seagoing union men; a basic eight-hour day for licensed ship's personnel and cooks and stewards; assurance that the conditions would be retroactive. Edward F. McGrady, chief government conciliator, was hard at work in San Francisco trying to bring people together.

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The Play and Screen

Stage Door

"STAGE DOOR," though it is not George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber at their best, is an amusing, well acted and skilfully staged little comedy. It has to do with the rivalry between stage and screen, and the brave fight made by Terry Randall to become a legitimate actress. Terry sees her pretty but brainless roommate become a successful Hollywood star, and her chance comes only at the end, when her roommate has failed in rehearsals for a Broadway play, and Terry gets the opportunity to take her place. But it is not the story that counts in "Stage Door"; it is the local color of the Footlights Club for girls, Mr. Kaufman's wise-cracks, his direction, and the acting. We might wish that the characters were less mere types and the story had a little more importance, because we know what Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber accomplished in "The Royal Family" and in "Dinner at Eight"; but there is no doubt that as a good show "Stage Door" rings the bell. And the Kaufman touch in the direction is everywhere apparent. Who but Mr. Kaufman would ever have invented that delicious scene in the girls' bedroom, when they put black masks over their eyes, and then turning out the light, the room is alternately dark and brightly illuminated by an electric sign which flashes across the street? And the Kaufman wisecracks are as gay and as mordant as ever.

The acting is equally good. Miss Margaret Sullavan returns from Hollywood to play Terry, and plays it with charm, grace and naturalness. Fortunately for the stage Miss Sullavan is apparently not one of those young women we hear about during the action of "Stage Door" who sign seven-year contracts with the movies without the hope of ever getting back to Broadway! Now that she is back may her returns be frequent. Of the host of young women in the play special mention should go to Lee Patrick for her utterance of Mr. Kaufman's more bitter reflections, to Catherine Laughlin for the girl who gets married, to Jane Buchanan and to Frances Fuller. Of the men Onslow Stevens is attractive as the movie agent, and Priestly Morrison as a human country doctor. The rest act with color and celerity. In short, "Stage Door," despite its local mood, will probably appeal to most of the theatregoing public, and because of Miss Sullavan to many patrons of the movies. (At the Music Box.)

Iron Men

WHATEVER Norman Bel Geddes produces is always produced well, and has always something distinctive. "Iron Men" is no exception. It tells a human story of a gang of iron-workers who really love their work and are proud of it, and who adore their leader, Andy. The interest of the play is in the character of Andy, and not in the somewhat synthetic plot. It is a relief to find a play about the workingman in which he doesn't once refer to the proletariat, and to make the acquaintance of a leader whose words are not a continual whine about the woes of his class and the tyranny of his oppressors. For this we

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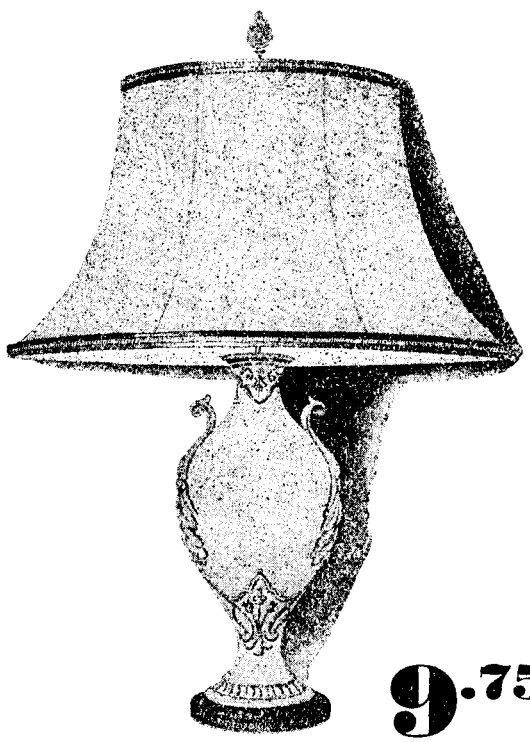

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Next Week

WHAT IS SIMPLICITY? by Albert J. Steiss, comments on the nostalgia for simplicity now current in the world, and the misconception and exaggeration which result. There is "an unwarranted simplification of the idea of simplicity itself. The notion of unity is stressed; the multiplicity which, in an organic world, must always qualify unity, is forgotten. . . . The mind, which is always living, can have only a qualified rest; it should be called poise rather than rest, because it is not an escape from effort, but a continuous result of it." Aberrations in the search for simplicity, or in the escape from complexity, are traced in Communism, surrealism, Freudianism, Christian Science and Buchmanism. It is an excellent article with "poise rather than rest." . . . THE ELECTION, by Charles Willis Thompson, has not yet been written. It will be written when the connotations of the national event are there to be grasped by the realistic and trained commentator who in this issue gives his last pre-election rationalization. . . . AN OLD GRAD WRITES IN to an anonymous, or to every, college president, in the words of Richard Dana Skinner. Before he sends in his contribution for "the unfettered fund for a greater college," he wants a few uneasy questionings quieted. Just what is the relationship between "plant" and education? What is the relation between scholarship and pedagogy? May they not be divided? Does "keeping faith" with one's son and grandson mean insuring them the education now being given in the colleges? . . . John Corridan tells in CRAFT VERSUS INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM of the development and meaning of the issues that now split the American labor movement. For five decades the debate between advocates of horizontal and vertical organization has gone on, and it is not settled now. Citizens must understand the dispute, at crisis now, and understand why a settlement is so difficult. This is an interesting article of enlightenment.

owe thanks to Francis Gallagher, the author of the play. Mr. Gallagher's iron-workers have humanity, humor and unconscious dignity, and their speech is veritable and their sentiment true. Yet it is a pity that Mr. Gallagher should occasionally employ words which no doubt such men do use but which have no place in the theatre, nor indeed in literature. Art is possible only by selection, and obscenity of speech is not only reprehensible morally, but false esthetically. The acting is admirable. For the character of Andy, Mr. Geddes found a real iron-worker, William Haade, who proves the real thing dramatically as well as in life. He gives a powerful, a human, a varied performance. Other excellent impersonations are given by Harold Moffet, Richard Taber, Frank Jaquet, John F. Hamilton, Kathleen Fitz and Jeanne Marlowe. Mr. Geddes's settings are as always superb, especially that of the building in construction. (At the Longacre Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Carnival in Flanders (La Kermesse Heroique)

THE FRENCH are advancing "La Kermesse Heroique" as the greatest comedy to reach this country from the motion picture studios of Paris. It is, as they say, without any question, a capably wrought, skilfully played, well directed, handsomely mounted, notably photographed and hilariously studded farce. But they do not mention the more important fact that the plot and climactic action basically involve the unique performance of mass adultery by the married women of a homey Flemish town who, in the year 1616, entertain a Spanish regiment from whom their husbands are hiding out of fear.

Remembering the devastating murder and pillaging, arson and raping conducted a few years previous by the Spanish invaders of King Philip's armies, the Flemish townsfolk of Boom, happy in the celebration of their annual *kermesse* (carnival), quake in fear when they hear of the coming of a Spanish Duke and his soldiers who are traveling through Flanders. The goodly village fathers decide to hide, and the womenfolk agree that the men's abandonment leaves them with no alternative other than to save their town themselves. The method chosen is the simple expedient of womanly wiles.

From the viewpoint of construction, the production warranted the honors awarded it in the nature of the Grand Prix du Cinema Français and the Gold Medal of the Venice International Exposition of 1936. But it definitely is not in accordance with American motion picture entertainment standards, bringing condemnation from the Legion of Decency (Class C rating), and the Legion's conclusion that the document is "definitely objectionable."

It is unfortunate indeed that the reputed expenditure of $400,000—an impressive outlay for a French production—should be lost on such a subject if the producers desired to impress America. Frequently the pictorial displays remind one of paintings, embracing with deft tonings the expansive fields and picturesque quaintness of the seventeenth-century settings that are reproduced most accurately. But, then, they leave the bedroom doors ajar, even though subtly.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Books

The Great Days

The Flowering of New England, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

"THIS is the first of a number of volumes in which I hope to sketch the literary history of the United States," says Mr. Brooks, at the beginning of a highly important and singularly fascinating book. That sentence is modest, definite, and written in the English language. I am very happy to find that the same virtues prevail throughout as they used to prevail in the best of George Saintsbury. There is no tendency to hang the whole New England literary achievement between 1815 and 1865 on one ideological peg, or to subordinate it to a rigidly planned chronology. Mr. Brooks remains, of course, an ardent nationalist in the sense that he prefers to see American life as a phenomenon separate from the life of Europe; but he has learned to be tactful and judicious about waving a wand at the flood of human destiny, so that the command to halt which once rang out in his books on Henry James and Mark Twain gives way to a wise but always vital realization of objectivity.

The new and persuasive thing about the present book is its emphasis upon literature as a continuous thinking, creative process. Hawthorne sitting down to write "The Scarlet Letter" is not separable from the Hawthorne who didn't like Thoreau's favorite bogs. Nevertheless it was a special achievement, an entity given birth to, which can and should be accorded full credit for its individual existence. Great critics are always recognizable for the naturalness with which they move from the creator to the created in literature. Awareness of the continuum enabled Mr. Brooks to outline characters with a rare, penetrating, Saint-Beuvean grace. His sketches of Lowell and Holmes are masterpieces of character description. Even minor figures in the story, for example, Orestes Brownson, are set in relief as they have never previously been. I was, however, particularly impressed with the sketch of Hawthorne because it shows how much faith in the "psychoanalytic method" has been lost. One notices a willingness to accept facts as facts, even while trying to boil them in a critical pot, which would hardly have been possible even with Mr. Brooks a dozen years ago.

An extraordinary graciousness tempers a naturally scintillant prose to the point where one is reminded of French painting. There are shafts of bright light through all the leaves of the landscape. This radiance is no mere result of dictional felicity, but is fired by passionate interest and conviction. The values of the cultivated mind have never been doubted by Mr. Brooks. Unperturbed in the shadow of a mechanized human world, his resolution to seek and find happiness in "emotion recollected in tranquillity" seems stronger than ever before. One need not praise such a book beyond saying that it is worthy of the men it deals with, and that no previous volume on the subject is of remotely comparable value.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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Penny Foolish, by Osbert Sitwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

PRIMARILY the essays presented her are expressions of the author's likes and dislikes and, significantly, he feels much more strongly about the latter than the former. Among the dislikes which especiall bedevil him are English schools, public and private, politicians, old men in high places, generals, strategists, Americans, and Alfred Noyes. His essay on Noyes is so ill-natured that one wonders how his course at Eton and his experiences as a captain in the World War managed to leave him so little sense of fair play and good manners. Perhaps both conspired to warp him permanently or perhaps his intense egotism has made him tormentingly aware of whatever rubs him the wrong way.

At all events the most striking fact about these essays is their revelation of a man who looks out upon the world with the unshakable conviction that at least one person in it is right. The bumptiousness he decries in Americans and suspects in his own countrymen he is blissfully unconscious of in himself and among his virtues humility is sought in vain. Thus, when he writes of "Vanity Fair," he employs no criteria but his own impressions on a recent rereading and betrays irritation at what he conceives to be its shortcomings. It is only, he says, when Thackeray takes his characters abroad that "they assume a life hitherto lacking altogether in them," an *ipse dixit* which looks sophomoric in the face of Saintsbury's declaration that on every character in his novels, even the servants who appear but for a moment, Thackeray "conferred immortality."

As with most contemporary English writers, Mr. Sitwell's pronouncements on British foreign policy are not only contemptuous but delivered with an air of authority presumably reserved for authentic prophets. Pessimism among contemporary English writers is probably as much a mixture of affectation and ennui as among our own, and Mr. Sitwell seems to be no exception. If, one is moved to inquire, the world is inevitably going over the abyss, why so much bitterness and pother about it? (An ancient yarn concerns a sailor who, asked how he felt, replied: "Pretty d—d miserable, thank God!")

Despite Mr. Sitwell's irritating self-sufficiency, his air of omniscience and his occasional bad manners this volume contains some delightful and penetrating essays. There is beauty in "The Summer Palace," shrewd portraiture in "The Delights of Foreign Colonies" (among whose denizens are certain university professors who are "forced to rely for their expression of self-importance upon a faintly distilled Communism and a complete misreading of the younger poets"), sound sense in "A Note on the Novel" (whose author's first duty, we are reminded, is that of being "readable"), humor in "One or Two Lives," courage in "On Progress," and irony as well as vision in "The Decay of Privacy." Finally, the book has style marked by grace, crispness, and a complete and welcome freedom from affectation.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

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A Literary Napoleon

That Was Balzac, by George Middleton. New York: Random House. $2.00.

THERE will be purists — or shall we call them pedants?—who will insist that "That Was Balzac" is not a play, but they will be the same voices who said the same thing about "Victoria Regina," and who would undoubtedly say it about "Henry IV," or indeed any of Shakespeare's chronicle plays. Just why an episodic drama should not be called a play is a secret known only to those academic minds whose aim in life is to pigeon-hole, and the narrower the pigeon-hole the more successful they think their work.

The truth of the matter is that anything is a play which is played upon a stage and can hold the interest of an audience, whether it observes the Greek unities or is as diffuse in scene and time as most of the plays of Shakespeare. If each scene is interesting such a drama is a play, even though the presence of the chief protagonist is the only connecting link.

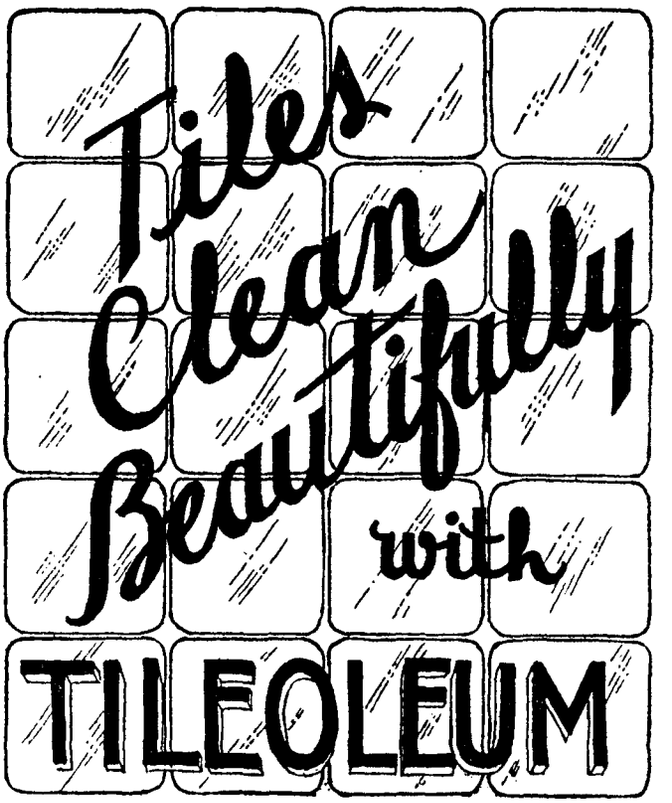
Now Mr. George Middleton has written a play in which every scene is interesting, and yet despite their diversity they are welded together by the dominating idea that the true Balzac can be found only in his work, in the myriad characters of his imagination. His own external life is of interest, at least is of interest today, chiefly by showing how the man created out of his inner life. Even his affair with Madame Hanska and his final marriage with her is simply an important episode in his march of greatness. Balzac, like Napoleon, is one of those demonic figures who to be seen at all must be seen from beginning to end, and more fortunate than Napoleon he was able, in the words of Goethe, to keep the end of his life a piece with its beginning.

Mr. Middleton has shown this and shown this splendidly. By using the words of Balzac himself, modified and rearranged for dramatic dialogue, he has informed his scenes with the Balzacian spirit. He has taken a few liberties with history, but only in the matter of placing certain episodes out of their true time. He gives us Balzac, the youthful poet, guided and inspired by Madame De Berny; Balzac, the publisher; Balzac, the lover of Madame Hanska; Balzac, the man who believed that copyright laws are necessary; and finally the true Balzac, talking to his dream children, Madame Montsauf and Dr. Bianchon. Admirably he has done it, admirably and poignantly.

It is inconceivable that one of the finest of plays by an American dramatist should rest only in the library. "That Was Balzac" was written to be acted, and deserves to be acted. Of course it is going to be difficult to find the man who can play Balzac, but surely he will be found. There is Paul Muni and there is Charles Laughton—to mention two actors who might be ideal.

The theatre is beginning to abandon the dull naturalism of the nineteen-twenties, and "That Was Balzac" is altogether in the new romantic mood.

GRENVILLE VERNON.



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Murder and Oppression

The Molly Maguire Riots, by J. Walter Coleman. Richmond: Garrett and Massie. $3.00.

"THE MOLLY MAGUIRE RIOTS" tells in a straightforward way the history of violence in the Pennsylvania coal region from the Civil War until 1880. A careful sifting of evidence which has so often been overlooked or violated to prove the all-righteousness of either capitalism or revolutionary Marxism leaves a residue of astounding violence and criminality. The Molly Maguires were a fictitious band of Irish criminals created by adherents of big business law and order to smash its opponents. For a time Pennsylvania lawyers managed to identify the secret Ancient Order of Hibernians with their gruesome legend, and during that time the state's courts carried out an amazing series of trials to avenge a number of violent deaths, hamstring labor organizations and slander the Irish and their religion. Mr. Coleman's thesis is that many crimes were perpetrated, under the bitterest kind of economic, religious and racial provocation, by individual Irishmen who were members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which, as an organization, had by no means the character ascribed to the "Mollys." He shows the motives of the prosecution were by no means altruistic, and the methods of obtaining evidence despicable and criminal by ordinary standards. He proves the Church opposed the crimes as well as the secret society which permitted the scandal, while at the same time condemning the evil conditions at the mines created by the owners and looking for a correct method of amelioration. It is a black section of American history, smearing passion and prejudice and murder and starvation across the economic, labor, social and religious chapters.

A Collection

Christianity Is Christ, by C. C. Martindale. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

FIVE "little books" by Father Martindale have gone to make this relatively large one. They are in order: "Christ Is King"; "The Kingdom and the World"; "The Wounded World"; "The Creative Words of Christ"; and "The Cup of Christ." In this edition the print is small and unattractive; but the sermons remain very fine.

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